

THE
SHAKSPEARE GALLERY;

CONTAINING

A SELECT SERIES

OF

SCENES and CHARACTERS,

(accompanied by CRITICISMS and REMARKS)

adapted to the

WORKS OF THAT ADMIR'D AUTHOR:

ON ⁴⁰ ~~PLATES~~ PLATES.

Calculated to form separate Volumes; or to be bound up in

EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

LONDON:

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MDCCXCII.



To the PUBLIC.

SHAKSPEARE has been of late so perpetually introduced to public notice, that it is perfectly useless to say much relating to his Works; to repeat their susceptibility of decoration, or their fertility in furnishing Scenes or Characters favourable to the exertions of the pencil. There are at this time many Proposals for Editions, and on such extensive plans, that it is barely not impossible they should be executed: but in the present undertaking the Proprietors wish to stipulate for no more than they can accomplish: declining therefore endless engagements, and proposals extending through long genealogies of distant descendants, they design to publish FIFTY CHARACTERS, selected from the Works of SHAKSPEARE: HALF the number is already engraved, and proofs of most of them may be seen at the publisher's: of the others, the drawings are made; so that the effect of the whole may easily be perceived by the specimens. We hesitate not to say, that from approbation hitherto received, we have every reason to suppose the work will be popular; and in that event we shall prepare ourselves for a second Fifty, should the public voice demand it. The Plan of the Work is, to

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offer

offer with a Plate of each Character, those remarks or criticisms which it may afford; sometimes one, sometimes the other; and should the thought be approved of, the authorities, historical or otherwise, which furnished the poet with his plot.

We propose to publish two Plates monthly; engraved by the best artists; and printed in the best manner: and having especial regard to those numerous respectable Editions which have no Plates, though well deserving that ornament, our Plates are calculated to suit all sizes, from the largest royal octavo, down to twelves, or eighteens. For gentlemen who incline to insert them in larger editions, or who are peculiarly nice in choice of their impressions, the Proofs will be printed in Demy Quarto. Any Gentleman desirous of yet larger sizes, will receive every information from the Publisher.

To enlarge on the merit of the Artists engaged, or on other circumstances, is needless: it is enough to say, the designs are by Mr. SINGLETON; the Letter-Press by GENTLEMEN of eminence in the literary world; and the Prints superintended by Mr. C. TAYLOR.

7 MA 55



THE WITCHES.

Wail Macbeth —

London, Published June 1, 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. I.

THE WITCHES.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

POPULAR reports are sufficient authority for Poetry; which when obliged closely to follow fact, is too confined, and shackled, for great exertions: yet whether absolute fiction be altogether favorable to Poetry, may be questioned; and the reason is, perhaps, that as Poetry addresses itself to the minds of its Readers, they are of necessity less ready in conceiving a Character intirely new, and of which they possess no Idea, than in receiving the direction, amplification, or peculiarities, of that Character whereof they have previous, though indistinct, conceptions.

WITCHES are among those beings of which most have a notion, though at this time none have intimate knowledge. In forming Ideas of their general Character, and Disposition, we suppose them uniformly addicted to evil; Fairies may be mischievous, occasionally, but not malignant; often too, they may be propitious, but this we expect not in *WITCHES*: too depraved to benefit any, too fond of injuring to forego opportunities of being injurious, without provocation they torment the brute creation, when such torment may wreak their spite, or molest their neighbours; for very trifles, if not entirely without cause, they afflict their neighbours themselves with the bitterest afflictions in their power, and they vex the very elements in tempestuous association to fulfill their nefarious purposes; in close conformity to the manners

of that evil Spirit with whom they are understood to be associate. Such are the *WITCHES* of *MACBETH*: their first appearance is in storm and thunder, their discourse is of blood, and plots of evil, their sentiments and connections are of the most hellish kind. From this opening of their Character, though in very few words, we perceive what we have to expect from them, and are prepared to admit in full force the effect of their following conversation; wherein we learn, that one had been "killing swine"; another had been procuring "a pilot's thumb, wrecked as homeward he did come;" and the third, slightly provoked, threatens malicious vengeance, and devises its execution. These are the Characters that meet *MACBETH*; and prophecy—Good? that is not to be expected from such beings—seeming Good, but real Evil.—They intimate two truths, that he may the more readily believe one lye; and by experience of two little truths, be deluded in regard of one important fact. Their real purpose appears from the speech of *HECATE* (not the Hecate of antiquity, except in name; but rather the Mistress of the *WITCHES*)

" this night I'll spend,"

Unto a dismal and a fatal end :

I'll raise such artificial sprites,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion :

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear."

By this speech the Poet artfully prepares the Spectator for the incantation that is to follow; informs him beforehand, of its purpose, and design; and gives a clue to guide him in attending those mysteries, whose intent might else escape, while their enormity shocked him; they could not but seize his imagination, but their effect might have been dubious without such previous intimation.

The merit of the incantation scene is universally allowed: to praise it would be but to echo the public voice. Let us rather attend to the advice given to *MACBETH*. We had a hint of *MACBETH*'s design on *MACDUFF* in the Act before:

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the Poet therefore now only commissions the first Apparition to confirm his intention, by cautioning him "beware MACDUFF." To this agrees, the speech of the *WITCH* "he knows thy thought," and *MACBETH*'s reply, "thou harp'st my fears aright" also afterwards—"Then live MACDUFF." The second apparition, thus counsels him, "Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man:" and the third, unites in the same purpose,

"Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are."

They pollute his mind by diabolical principles, as well as amuse him by equivocal predictions: they sow the seeds of those vices in his disposition, whose natural fruits will be conformable to their infernal foresight. *MACBETH* had before the courage of a soldier, they superadd that arising from supposed invulnerability; he had already manifested ambition, but now they wish him to be brutal in the exercise of it; and knowing well,

" security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy,"

they direct his mind to that kind of security, which is most likely to excite the rebellious occasion of bringing "Birnam wood to high Dunfinnan-Hill."

It is remarkable, that from this time, the Poet dismisses the provocative agency of Lady *MACBETH*: he trusts to the power of these fallacious principles, and predictions, and having seated these vices triumphant in the heart of *MACBETH*, he relies solely on them, for their effect in degrading, tormenting, and punishing him. When *MACBETH* was young in guilt, and not without reluctance admitted its suggestions, more engines than one were necessary to promote his acquiescence, and stimulate his activity: but now, that which formerly was the most powerful is dismissed; and instead of direction to one specific act of wickedness, extensive and vigorous instigations of iniquity, are transfused into his mind; with a certainty, that in some form or other, their malevolence will give occasion to his utter ruin.

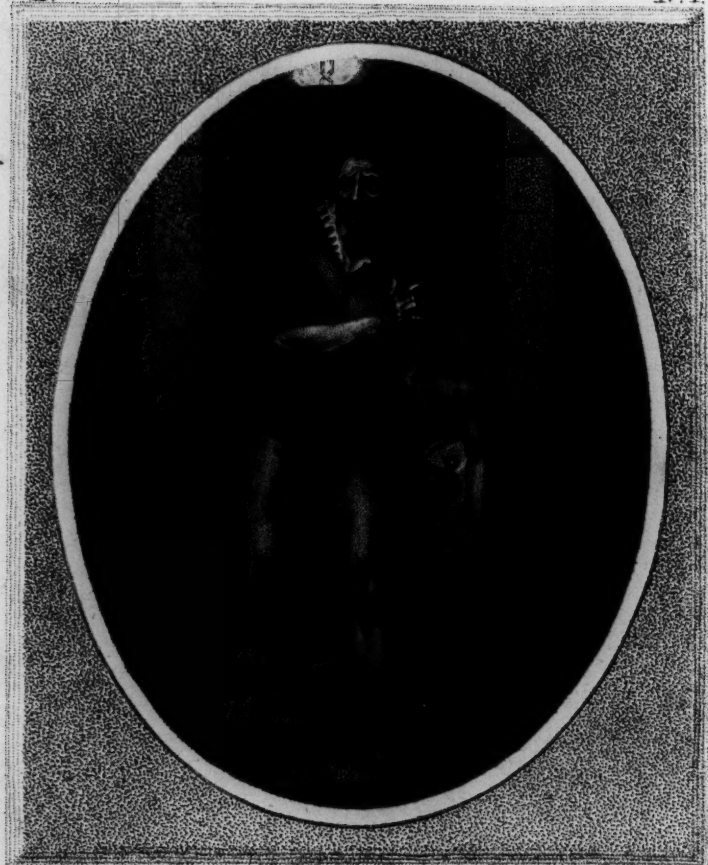
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The Poet has not discriminated his three *WITCHES* by any distinct characters: though three, they form in fact but one; and, except as they contribute to picturesque effect, their office in the piece might have been discharged by one. That kind of effect also is in view, wherever they appear; and to that contributes, their uncouth aspect, their unintelligible jargon, their unusual howl, and their diabolical employment: not indeed, that they are devils, though near a-kin; nor supernatural beings, but the agents of such. The existence of similar wretches, was not questioned in the days of SHAKSPEARE; and had long been a prevailing opinion: whether it had then been at its height, or whether its height was not rather in succeeding times, of civil commotion, may be doubted. That in these latter times, the belief rose to an almost incredible height is certain; and perhaps to the excess of that credulity, and to its obvious and indisputable evils, we owe our present freedom from the persuasion of influential witchcraft; which indeed is not totally obliterated throughout the nation, nor are other fortune-tellers beside Gypsies scarce, even in its most enlightened parts; but rarely are any except the lowest class of the populace their prey; and not all of these are so blinded as to put much confidence in their revelations. Whether the unhappy consequences attending such confidence in the instance of *MACBETH* may have contributed to dissipate it, is uncertain: but that such should be its effect, was undoubtedly the design of SHAKSPEARE; and in that light we wish it to be viewed by every reader.

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B.

N^o 1.



H. Vigliani del.

C. Taylor direct et sculpteur

MACBETH.

I've done the deed:— did I not hear a noise.

London, Publish'd June 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Giffle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. I.

.....

MACBETH.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

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SHAKSPEARE knew Mankind too well to draw any Character entirely good, or entirely evil; he knew that no such Character existed; that did it exist, it would furnish no opportunity for dramatic skill, nor would any Audience be interested by the exhibition of such an unmixed quality: nevertheless, his *MACBETH* opens in the most honorable description of his Situation, Person, and Achievements: we find him, Cousin to the King, at the head of an army, a victorious General, undismayed by repeated conflicts, when urged by honour and by loyalty; add to this, that the person who best knows him describes him thus favorably,

“ *GLAMIS* thou art, and *CAWDOR*; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I do fear thy nature—
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily: would not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: Thou'dst have great *GLAMIS*
That which cries, Thus thou must do if thou have it:
And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.”

Here all principles are right, but one; the general temperament is laudable, one exception only; and that seemingly

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not greatly amiss, by no means ignoble, and hitherto not unfortunate. Ambition then, is that one principle of counter-action which is to overcome the united resistance of Honour, Conscience, Loyalty, and relative Affection:—Ambition—not originally of a bad cast, or stained with grosser depravities; but rather desirous of, at least, seeming rectitude, and of attaining the (proposed) best ends by the (supposed) best means.

The excellence of delineation which appears in the Character of MACBETH, results from the gradual and victorious progress of this one principle, excited by various incidents to ungovernable violence: and the gradual enfeebling, and sinking, of those contrary virtues, which first barely admit the temptation, when admitted parley with, and check it, then shrink before it, and, at length, as if stunn'd, acquiesce in stupid silence.

To produce this effect, the Poet combines two principal Causes, in the nature of incidents: *first*, a belief in foretold futurity: *secondly*, a spur and provocative in the less principled Ambition of LADY MACBETH. It may reasonably be supposed that had the volume of Fate never been unrolled to the inspection of MACBETH, his mind would patiently have awaited the regular preferment he might naturally have expected, and every additional token of royal pleasure would have highly gratified the heart of the worthy veteran: but, when glittering Spectres were once suggested to his Ideas, they excited not only his desire to possess them, but his contrivances to hasten that possession; and when by the fulfilment of the earlier part of the predictions, their general authority seems established, that which originally

“ Stood not within the prospect of belief,”
now draws nearer, and becomes more impressive on his mind:

“ Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act,
Of the imperial theme.”

Yet he debates with himself, whether such courses are eligible, and shews that he foresees their nature, and termination,

tion, by the seemingly accidental use of the word "Murder" in his reveries on the subject;

"My thought, whose *MURDER* yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of Man"

This shocks him: and he dismisses the conception with leaving the event to other powers,

"If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me
Without my stir"

But when an obstacle seems to intervene, *that* he determines to overcome: When the King names *MALCOLM* Prince of Cumberland,—He thus expresses himself

"The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er leap:
For in my way it lies: yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Such thoughts, gradually settling on his heart, show their nature in his countenance: and his *LADY* corrects him for imperfect hypocrisy,

"Your face, my *THANE*, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flow'r;
But be the serpent under it"

"Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear."

The open, the honest, the gallant, the loyal, *MACBETH*, could not suddenly assume the guise of serenity, while not serene, could not suddenly repress the involuntary variations of his tell-tale features: not sufficiently a knave to disguise his knavery, a novice in mysterious guilt, not a completely initiated professor, he suffers; unknown to himself, those indications to escape him, which a complete villain would carefully have concealed.

A complete villain rarely looks far for the consequences of his guilt; rarely debates both sides of the question freely, and admits the force of those arguments which call on him to forbear, as well as of those passions which excite him to

proceed: Not then as altogether such a villain yet, appears
MACBETH, in the Soliloquy

“ If it were done, when ’tis done, then ’twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could tramel up the consequence
We’d jump the life to come: but in these cases
We still have judgment here.

Sceptical principles lead to immoral actions: he who would
“ jump the life to come,” and is withheld from crime, only
by fear of “ even-handed justice, commending the ingredients of our poisoned Chalice to our own lips,” may urge many Reasons against the deed to be perpetrated,

“ First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then as his Host,
Who should against the murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.”

Yet will he easily yield to the sollicitude of returning temptation; he may suppose himself resolved to proceed no further, while yet fears of failure are his chief cause of reluctance; the deed is rather postponed, than relinquished; his hand is suspended, not his mind determined; he is withheld by a thread, which a slight breath may break: at a favorable opportunity, under a favorable aspect, and favorably represented, the temptation will prevail, and the iniquity be consummated,

“ I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away! and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

Thus he condemns himself while resolved on his crime: his virtues have forsaken him, one after the other, Conscience only remains; and that is expiring: yet the struggle of expiring conscience against victorious temptation, affects his imagination and disturbs his faculties.

“ Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?

The Poet has finely wrought up this Soliloquy; has finely varied its parts; first, relating to the dagger simply, then its attitude as marshalling the way, then its condition as bloody;

—from

—from this horrid instrument the mind of MACBETH recoils: he adverts to night, and its fallacies: this somewhat cools his glowing imagination, which directly returns to the purpose in hand, and the signal on the bell furnishes a climax which was undoubtedly very impressive in the Poet's conception.

The Horror of the Scene subsequent to the Murder, has been already expatiated on by Critics; the broken sentences, the short questions, the home-felt guilt, the "ferry fight" of his bloody hands, the circumstances of the waking servants, his inability to say, "*Amen*," the exclamation of "Sleep no more," the oblique declension of his Speech to the mention of his own name,

"Still it cry'd sleep no more! to all the house: . . .

GLAMIS hath murder'd sleep; and therefore *CAWDOR*

Shall sleep no more: MACBETH shall sleep no more" . . . his declining to return to the scene of his guilt, his starts at a knocking, and his wish

"Wake DUNCAN with this knocking! would thou couldst!" are so many powerful hints of reviving conscience, and the more powerful because only hints, exciting the auditor's imagination, yet leaving it free in their completion, to add additional force, according to its own sensations, and ability.

We have seen ambition successful; triumphant over rectitude, and seated in the throne of Royalty; is it thereby gratified? is its subject happy? far from it:

"To be thus is nothing:

But to be safely thus: . . . our fears in BANQUO

Stick deep;

Here is fear, personal fear: but the Poet, gliding from such apprehension, shews Conscience as the source of all his terrors; traces the prophetic oracles from their delivery to completion, and broods over their reference to BANQUO's issue:

"For BANQUO's issue I defil'd my mind,

For them the gracious DUNCAN have I murder'd,

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

Only for them: and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man."

Is this the Sceptic who some little time since thought of "jumping the life to come?" treated as bugbear illusions the prospects of futurity, yet now dreads the eternity of his soul, and the power of the Devil? this same Sceptic proceeds to add further murders, and meditates a long line of blood: by false accusation vilifies his noble friend, excites the revenge of his murderers by lies, and rewards them for his destruction. While thus seemingly in full possession of what he had so sedulously fought after, he suffers the affliction

" of those terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy"

But his disquiet especially explodes in noticing the phantom he sees, after being informed of *BANQUO*'s murder; which the Poet has capitally contrasted,—by his previous endeavors at suitable behaviour to his guests, and by his repeated wishes for the company of *BANQUO*, of whose misfortune he nevertheless drops some equivocal indications

" Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *BANQUO* present;
Who I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for *MISCHANCE*"

The hint is obscure; but his tongue seems almost on the verge of betraying his thoughts. This Scene of the Ghost, is an epitome of *MACBETH*'s character:—in the absence of *BANQUO*, assuming firmness and resolution, in his presence sinking into confusion; alternately elated and depressed; alternately controuling his feelings, and displaying them; now he confines them, and now they burst in full vigour from his involuntary lips;—to his own shame, to the mortification of his *LADY*, to the breaking up of the festival, and to the confirmation of those suspicions which previously sparkled in many minds.

Incapable of supporting the inquietudes of suspense, he determines on enquiring further into futurity,

" I will to-morrow

(And

(And betimes I will) unto the *WEIRD SISTERS*
 More they shall speak; for now I am bent to know
 By the worst means the worst:"

The various prophecies of the apparitions, are admirably adapted to confirm his mind in its present direction; are so evidently calculated to appear favorable to him, that any auditor would naturally take them in the same auspicious meaning, as *MACBETH* does. Yet here his impatience bursts out; courage does not fail him, but self-possession does: he answers readily to "call the masters of the *WITCHES*," then hastily addresses the first,

"Tell me thou unknown power."

" But one word more."

The *WITCHES* repeatedly caution him to silence,—

"He knows thy thought,

Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

"Listen; but speak not to it."

And when he wishes to know, "shall *BANQUO*'s issue ever reign in this kingdom?" they answer, "Seek to know no more:" yet he still persists:—here begins his punishment, as arising from this part of his disposition: he is mortified by the sight of *BANQUO*, and his long line of kings; before he is well recovered from this, intelligence is brought of *MACDUFF*'s flight, and thus the first apparition's prophecy is directly evaded; nor is it long ere we find his rebellious subjects in arms: his sense of his own degraded situation is well expressed

" that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have: but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

His ardour for fight is the result of personal valour, not mental fortitude: and is, by its premature appearance, in perfect conformity to his character,

"I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd;
 Give me my armour"

Seyton. "Tis not needed yet

Macbeth.

Macbeth. "I'll put it on: hang those that talk of fear:
Give me mine armour"

But, lest it should be forgotten that inward sorrows were his chief distress, the Poet here introduces the *DOCTOR*, and thus *MACBETH* addresses him;

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Had the *DOCTOR* professed this ability, how happy had *MACBETH* thought himself in obtaining a draught of such a Lethe! but receiving a negative answer, he cries,

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it!
Come put mine armour on."

The second prophecy of the moving wood, is unravelled, but not in favour of *MACBETH*, and embarrasses his whole mind; he sees no termination of his affairs, is transported beyond decency at the news, and strikes the reporter; then begins "to doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth" and is tempted to desperation, did not his old habits of soldiership controul him,

"I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun;
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell: blow wind, come wrack?
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

And afterwards

"Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword?"
"They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly:
But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

There remains one prophecy more; and to this he still trusts; on this he still reasons, and, when driven from dependance on this, all fails him; he even declines to fight, owns it "has cow'd his better part of man" and merely in conformity to original habits, fights, and dies in despair.

Such

Such is the Character of MACBETH: originally, not ill-meaning, unsuspicious, perhaps, of his own bias, and possessing many favorable principles, yet when tried by an unexpected incident, gradually deprived of virtue, and immersed in vice. The first occasion was simple, the first temptation was weak; had his mind determinately resisted belief of those diabolical fortune-tellers, it had never been exposed to subsequent trials; had he paid those suggestions no attention, he had not roused his *LADY*'s ambition, nor had she hardened his heart to disloyalty, and to murder; his peace had been undisturbed, his mental, and relative, and political embarrassments, and misery, had been avoided, and by repelling the first delusion, he had never had occasion to have been sported with by the following: Whoever wishes to pry into futurity, and to remove the veil that obscures events, let him reflect on the consequences of such a disposition in MACBETH: Whoever thinks to commit one crime, and to stop there; to bend his virtue in once instance, and in that only; to be foolish in but one folly, or wicked but in one wickedness, let him recollect MACBETH: whose one vice (Ambition) gradually exterminated every amiable quality. Whoever thinks ill-acquired enjoyments can be real enjoyments, that external appearances are verily expressive of internal satisfaction, let him consider, it was not so with MACBETH: nor will it be so with him: the course of things is the same, the connection of events with their causes is the same, the conformation of the human mind is the same, in all countries, and in all times, in all stations and in all degrees, in all relations and in all objects—this SHAKESPEARE knew: and this he has with profound skill developed, and exhibited in the Character of MACBETH.

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N^o 2



H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor delin.

W. Nutter sculp.

KING RICHARD III.

Dive, thoughts, down to my Soul,—

London, Publish'd July 1, 1792, by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. II.

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KING RICHARD III.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

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POETRY and Painting have this principle in common, that, the conception of a vigorous mind, however seemingly natural and conformable to life and manners, yet compared with a direct imitation of some individual prototype, appears deficient in a certain quality which impresses on a spectator the idea of accurate or complete verisimilitude. A portrait has more of life than a head of general Character, though the latter may be much the best performance; a view from nature, usually possesses more power of transporting us to the very scene, than an ideal landscape: and the best of Painters when copying Nature, if they do not servilely copy her, find a somewhat which supports their art, while producing an effect, on principles, drawn, not from that very spot, but from general Nature at large. In like manner, SHAKSPEARE when treating an historical Character suited to his genius, supported by a sense of the once actual existence of the person represented, and sensible that he risked nothing in combining certain vices or virtues, or in conducting events to be produced by them, seems to have felt a kind of security, and therefore to have relieved his imagination in part of its powers—Invention, that he might exert it fully in other parts—force of Character, and display of Talents. Such is my idea of SHAKSPEARE's RICHARD III. The Poet has taken his hero as he found him in history: has little in-

No. II. RICHARD III. E vented

vented in his representation; but has exerted his whole skill to interest the spectator by a capital instance of mental superiority. To effect this the more certainly, he introduces no competitor for our attention; makes RICHARD from first to last the moving principle and chief actor, constantly places him in full view, and directs to him our whole attention: Throughout the play, we behold him, or his agency; his personal exertion, or the effects of his exertion; and though, as was necessary, many Characters be introduced, all are made to answer his purposes, and directly or indirectly, all remind us of the profligate usurper. . . .

Of this profligate usurper, the prime characteristic is, mental superiority; void of beauty in form, or elegance in manners, uncultivated in taste, unsocial in disposition, destitute of captivating endowments, which often lead to undeserved success, he has nothing to trust to but those resources which abilities, foresight, contrivance, dexterity, and courage, can afford him.

SHAKSPEARE has opened most of his Characters well, but RICHARD III. peculiarly well; he has in a single speech, in the very first Scene, given a kind of summary of what the play is to exhibit: we find it a time of peace, after long wars,

“ Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
 Grim visaged war has smooch'd his wrinkled front,
 And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber : . . .
 But I who am not shap'd for sportive tricks . . .
 I that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty . . .
 I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up . . .
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time; . . .
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, . . .
 I am determined to prove a villain. . . .
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 And if king EDWARD be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should CLARENCE closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of EDWARD's heirs the murderer shall be.

The Auditor who recollects that RICHARD is now duke of GLOUCESTER, is at no loss to understand the G, nor to infer that he had warded off from himself the application of this G, and fixed it on CLARENCE, because his name was GEORGE: thus an instance of his art appears on our very first acquaintance with him: though not indeed so openly as in his frank address to CLARENCE and his professions of service, even though that service were against the king, as it must be,

"Were it to call KING EDWARD's widow—sister . . .
 this is an obscure hint of his wishes; and indeed forms part of his design, but that the king's sickness saves him the trouble of its execution.

He concludes the first scene, by somewhat unfolding his devices, that the auditory may catch a glimpse of his wiles; yet takes care to show them much deeper than ordinary imagination might suppose, and raises at once our interest, our suspense, and our curiosity.

Many can plot, but cannot execute; fertile of inventions, but without dexterity in maturing them to action, and in conducting that action to success. To preclude this idea of RICHARD, as well as to open and advance his character, in the very next Scene the Poet exhibits him undertaking

a task at which humanity shudders; from which ordinary minds would recoil;—in the very midst of a funeral procession, a procession caused by murder, by murder of a king, and followed by the widow, dissolved in tears,—who would think the murderer should present himself, to solicit a boon, and should propose an union with the widow, even while her sorrows were outrageous, and his guilt avowed, and recent? But if this temerity meet success, what shall not afterward seem easy? what shall we not expect from him, thus capable of the most arduous enterprises, thus dextrous in management of his undertakings, and thus favored by fortune in spite of nature? To point out the beauties of this Scene is superfluous; the public are well informed of them, and have often felt them: his deep dissimulation, his play with the passions (not with the reason) of *LADY ANNE*, his ready acquiescence in, and aggravation of, her charges, that he may afterwards more effectually soothe her, his provocation of her anger to exhaust her invective, his flattery of her beauty, his seeming humility at her feet, and the warmth of his professions, combine to raise our admiration of his abilities, even while we detest their application; to see such talents succeed is pleasant, though the success itself be hateful. Nothing better can be remarked on this incident, than *RICHARD* himself remarks in the following Soliloquy, wherein all that should have prevented *LADY ANNE*, is stated with as much force as before he had proposed whatever might confound her wrath.

But though *RICHARD* can thus overcome a woman, and by flattery convert her intention, in a personal concern, is he thus imposing in public life, and among Statesmen who should be firm and steady as himself?—The same in public life: in profession profoundly honest, “a plain man, of simple truth,” exposing some facts, and assuming much on that exposure; not waiting to defend himself from charges, but
charging

charging others, and fully employing them in self-defence; prompt at reply to each, according to emergencies, and cunningly diverting from himself the rancour and obloquy designed him. Such is RICHARD in the first Act; and such he continues; whatever occasions may afterwards arise, we expect from this period, to see him use them also as means of promoting his purposes; hence we are not surprized when at Court he professes reconciliation to each, personally, to all in general, and concludes by "thanking God for his humility," nor by his affecting regret for the death of CLARENCE, nor by his asking blessing of his mother, nor by his flattery to BUCKINGHAM, who now begins to be distinguished:

"My other self! my counsel's consistory!

My oracle! my prophet!—My dear cousin—

I, as a child, will go by thy direction"

Whatever personal exertion could do, RICHARD has done; but now he employs agents in accomplishing his projects, for they becoming more extensive, he cannot possibly superintend in person every branch of them, such deputation therefore becomes necessary: moreover, he thereby transfers much noticeable guilt from himself, and preserves a seeming reputation, against the time when, perhaps, notoriously atrocious villainy might prejudice the public mind in his disfavour. BUCKINGHAM therefore now overrules the *CARDINAL's* scruples, supports the conversation with the princes, and employs CATESBY as a meaner agent.

Protector RICHARD assumes new terrors; and by mere dint of assurance, and bullying, murders HASTINGS; as he had murdered other enemies: then by additional devices which he practises on the Mayor, and, by means of BUCKINGHAM, on the Citizens, vaults into the seat of royalty. Though King, and seemingly in prosperity, urged by jealousy, and restrained by no sense of crime, he prompts BUCKINGHAM to the commission of further murders for additional security,
and,

and, perhaps, not without meaning to devolve the entire odium of that iniquity on his agent, and to use it as a pretext against him, when time might suit the purpose. Disappointed in BUCKINGHAM's hesitation, he tries a new channel, and succeeds; by such success elated, he assumes the ungrateful tyrant, and treats his former "oracle, and prophet," with insolence; refuses to perform his promise of the Earldom of Hereford; and beside, personally insults his suitor, by pretended meditation, and absolute inattention.

RICHARD could gain a crown, wading through blood; but he could not wear it with security, or with dignity: the object on which he fixed his eye, kept him steady while in progress to it, but, that obtained, he quits part of his former Character, no longer conciliates the affections of those to whom he is obliged; but having deceived others, is himself deceived by the glitter of the diadem he possesses; his exultation is his ruin; he foresees nothing untoward, or unhappy, but, in the crown supposes a "tower of strength." Not indeed, that he entirely overlooks RICHMOND; he collects

" Henry the Sixth,
Did prophecy, that RICHMOND should be king,
When RICHMOND was a little peevish boy"

nevertheless, he adds in full self-security

" How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that *I should kill him.*"

Thus the Poet artfully prepares us in favor of RICHMOND; and hints at something to be apprehended from that quarter, though hitherto kept out of sight; and this apprehension increases, when we hear RICHARD declare his rivalry to him "in young ELIZABETH, his brother's daughter, To her, go I, a jolly thriving wooer." In pursuance of this design, he addresses the QUEEN, her mother, and in much
the

the same strains as he had wooed *LADY ANNE*, solicits her consent.

RICHARD, now, apt to be off his guard, is more varying than formerly, and less cautious in conducting his purposes: he does less by art, and more by power. When told of *RICHMOND*'s "navy on the western coast," he seems embarrassed, prematurely embarrassed, and gives contradictory orders,

"Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk;

RATCLIFF, thyself,—or, *CATESBY*, where is he?

Catesby. Here, my good lord.

Richard. *CATESBY*, fly to the duke . . .

Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

Richard. *RATCLIFF*, come hither: Post to Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither dull unmindful villain

Why stay'st thou here, and goest not to the duke?

Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

Richard. O, true, good *CATESBY*; bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Ratcliff. What, may it please you, I should do at Salisbury?

Richard. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Ratcliff. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Richard. My mind is chang'd.

In equal precipitation he treats *STANLEY*; charges him with treason, and provokes him by suspicions, even while he seizes his son as a hostage of his fidelity.

The conscience of *KING RICHARD* seems long ago to have forsaken him; and, it is usually said, that he had early parted from it: but the Poet designing by this principle to punish and to torment him, gives occasional hints of its existence, and in some force; (to have disclosed it, otherwise than incidentally, would have impeded the flowing course
of

of villainy:) and he reserves its full powers for one general effort, designing to combine its whole energy in producing anguish and misery in their most dreadful forms. Be it recollected, that though RICHARD defends himself well, against the accusations of the *QUEEN*, the curses of MARGARET, and the clamours of his mother, yet *LADY ANNE* tells us,

“ Never yet one hour in his bed,
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his TIMOROUS DREAMS was still awak’d.”

His reflections on *KING HENRY*’s prophecy respecting RICHMOND, his less fearing “BUCKINGHAM with his rash levied strength,” than RICHMOND with MORTON, his starting at the name *ROUGEMONT*, confirm this. And thus in Bosworth field,

“ Up with my tent; here will I lie to night,
But where to-morrow?”

the same kind of melancholy seems to prey on him, he becomes heavy, and by this disposition, the following scenes are rendered more impressive on his imagination.

“ What is’t o’clock?

Catesby. It’s supper-time, my lord.

Richard. I will not sup to night: give me some ink, and paper.

Fill me a bowl of wine. . . . Give me a watch . . .

. . . . Give me a bowl of wine

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have: . . .

So, set it down . . . Is ink and paper ready?”

The Scene of the Ghosts attempts an effect beyond the power of representation: I will not affirm that it is well conceived; and few will think it well executed. The fault is greatly in the subject, which defies adequate execution; but its effect on RICHARD is finely expressed,

“ Give me another horse, bind up my wounds!

Have mercy, *JESU* . . . Soft I did but dream.
 O coward Conscience, how thou dost afflict me !
 The lights burn blue: . . Is it not dead midnight? . .
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by . . .
 Is there a murderer here? no: yes, I am . . .
 Then fly . . . What, from myself?
 I love myself
 O no, alas! I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: Yet I lye, I am not
 Fool of thyself speak well: Fool do not flatter . . .
 My Conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain . . .
 guilty, guilty,
 I shall despair

nor amid the bustle of warlike preparations, the importance of orders, or the crisis of his affairs, can he controul the uneasy sensations of his mind,

"O RATCLIFF I have dream'd a fearful dream: . . .

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.

Richard. RATCLIFF, I fear, I fear : : : :

Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

Richard. By the apostle Paul, shadows to night,
 Have struck more terror to the soul of RICHARD,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow RICHMOND."

Who saw the sun to-day?

Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.

Richard. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

No. II. RICHARD III.

F

A black

A black day it will be to *somebody*.

The sky doth frown, and lour, upon our army:

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't, pell mell,

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

It must be owned, RICHARD, previous to the battle, shews the management of an able General; his disposition and plan is masterly, his conferences with his friends, his charge to his army, his solicitude about his armour, his horse, and accoutrements, are conformable to the cool deliberation of his character: nothing rash, or hurried, but all soldier-like, and becoming his office. The Poet who formerly suspended our execration of his guilt by his extraordinary talents, by the same talents now, for a moment, suspends our expectation of his punishment; at the same time, shewing by what external contrivances RICHARD endeavors to abate the pungency of his remorse. It has always appeared to me, that by abasing him to "play the eaves-dropper," the Poet designedly made him guilty of a meanness; intending to shew the same person unadvisedly haughty on the throne, indecently suspicious in the camp: conscious that he was not honoured, beloved, or esteemed, for valuable qualities, that on account of such qualities none are attached to him, aware that having no hold on the affections of his followers he can have but little dependence on their loyalty, and being himself capable of dissimulation in the highest degree, he is jealous of experiencing from others, that behaviour which he is conscious he should himself practise in their situations. It is remarkable that the Poet having harrowed up his conscience, kills him in silence, leaving

leaving to the spectator who has seen the commencement of his punishment to infer the conclusion.

It has been repeatedly asked is the Character of *KING RICHARD*, natural? and, what is the proper emotion he excites in the mind? and whence is a Character so indefensible, not only tolerated, but popular?—A discussion of these questions would lead much beyond the just limits of this sketch: it should be remembered in answer to the first, that times of civil war are times of barbarity, and cruelty, of inhumanity, and hardness of heart; that education is of necessity greatly suspended, and what should controul the passions, and regulate the mind is excluded. During such periods infancy and youth are inured to bloodshed and slaughter; such tidings are ever repeated in their ears, and reports of victories, or of defeats, afford perpetual subjects of conversation. This has a natural tendency to harden the heart; and if, by constitution, a lad be crafty, mischievous, and untoward, he may easily unite to that perverseness, a revengeful and malignant insensibility, which ripened is relentless cruelty.

In real life, a series of cruelty could hardly be so compact and immediate as in the structure of a play it must be; there is time between each for the former to be somewhat forgotten, there is much uncertainty attending reports of such circumstances, there are partizans who gloss and varnish crimes, and many who doubt the fact, from charitable hopes of the best, or from habitual incredulity. The success of such a Character is by no means unnatural. The difficulty lies chiefly, in his acknowledged guilt, in his direct villainy; he does not palliate his crimes, uses no pretexts, no masques, no concealments. Is it possible human nature should be so depraved, as determinately to solicit guilt? as to choose the worst, in preference to the best? as to prefer vice, at full length, active vice? If the subject will not be properly virtuous, why not at least still, and innoxious? if of advantage

to no one, why not refrain from injuring, deeply injuring, many? Is such a Character natural? SHAKSPEARE thought it was: he has even portrayed it under several forms; and seems to have concluded, that when the madness of ambition has seized the human mind, there is no barrier it will not overleap, no principle it will not condemn.

As to the emotions he excites in the mind, the first is, suspense; we are attracted to watch the nature, extent, and depth of his plans; and these being beyond the ordinary, our very endeavour to understand them, raises an interest in us; the expanded exertions of his mind, raise somewhat of corresponding exertions in our own, to trace them; and yet we see not their issue: by the time this may be guessed at, other plots open, and again involve us in uncertainty. Moreover, we have all so much *mentality* in us, that we naturally rejoice to see mind victorious: in fact, what renders a Character more contemptible, than when the brute runs away with the man? when bodily sensualities oppress rational powers? what renders a Character more interesting, than when rational powers, triumphant over sensual oppression, manifest a vigour, and energy, which insures them success? that such talents should be exerted on the side of virtue we should willingly hope, but the least inspection of human life will not suffer us to press those hopes too far; we may wish, but no wise man will advise us to extend those wishes to expectation. Success, even while we hate it, possesses something dazzling; and the more, if one success be but the opening to others: yet, I think, that were the piece to conclude with the advancement and coronation of RICHARD, it never could have been popular: the judgment, deluded for a while, by the power of curiosity, of admiration, and imagination, would rise against such a conclusion: for it seems to enjoy a secret satisfaction, even during the story, in expectation of signal vengeance to be inflicted in due time; and compounds with present feelings, in hopes of future retribution. C.

7. ME 55

B.

N^o 2.



H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor delin.

W. Nutter sculp.

QUEEN OF RICHARD II.

O! I am press'd to death through want of speaking!

London, Published July 1, 1792, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. II.

ISABELLA,

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD II.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR, ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

SCENE, *The DUKE OF YORK's Garden, LANGLEY.*

Enter the QUEEN, and two LADIES.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in the garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, w'ell dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether bad,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

No. II. RICHARD II.

G

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here comes the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pines,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change; Wee is fore-run with woe.

Enter GARDENER and SERVANTS.

QUEEN and LADIES retire.

Gardener. Go, bind thou up those dangling apricots,

Which, like unruly children, make their fire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our common-wealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Servant. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing, as in a model, our firm state;

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs,

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gardener. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;

The

The weeds that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by BOLINGBROKE;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Servant. What, are they dead?

Gardener. They are; and BOLINGBROKE

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Servant. What think you then, the king shall be depos'd

Gardener. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,

'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

[*QUEEN, coming from her concealment.*]

Queen. Oh! I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!

Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king RICHARD is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Gardener. Pardon me madam: little joy have I

To

To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
 King RICHARD, he is in the mighty hold
 Of BOLINGBROKE; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;
 But in the balance of great BOLINGBROKE,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king RICHARD down—
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
 And am I laſt that knows it? Oh, thou think'ſt
 To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
 Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
 Should grace the triumph of great BOLINGBROKE!—
 Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
 I would the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.*]

Gardener. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
 I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—
 Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
 I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour herb of grace;
 Rue, even for Ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[ACT III. SCENE the laſt.]

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor excud.

W. Nutter sculp^t

LADY MACBETH.

One! Two! Why, then 'tis time to do it —

London, Publish'd Aug^r. 1792 by C Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. III.

LADY MACBETH.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

THE Character of *LADY MACBETH* is singularly contrasted with that of her Husband; it opens suddenly in full strength, and without shewing those gradations, and advances of guilt, by which one occurrence is preparatory to another. In *MACBETH* we see the first openings, and slow progress of his turpitude, which sometimes gathering strength, sometimes almost stifled, hesitates even to the last moment: but in *LADY MACBETH* the first sentiment is determinate, and positive, "Thou SHALT be what thou art promised:" we find no reluctance, neither questioning, nor debate, on the justice, the expediency, or even the prospect, of attaining that "golden round" at present worn by the munificent, and grateful, *DUNCAN*.

It appears very extraordinary, and indeed almost incredible, that when a Soldier used to fields of blood starts at a bloody deed, when a Man sufficiently ambitious recoils from the mode of gratifying his ambition, a Woman should urge his lingering passions to scenes of horror, and direct his trembling grasp at guilty greatness: What could have been the previous life of this "unsex'd" *LADY*? by what strange concurrence of events, could the female mind become absorb'd in principles directly opposite to every attribute of the softer sex? The positive appointment of nature, which impresses affection and kindness, receives no inconsiderable
No. III. *MACBETH*. H augmentation

augmentation from the exercise of those numerous offices of tenderness which fall to the share of Woman;

" I have given suck: and know

How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me;"

says *LADY MACBETH*: should not the sedulous attention bestowed on infant years confirm that sympathy native in the sex? Should not the sense of duty which in filial affection has administered support to the declining years of an aged parent, have strengthened this principle?

" Had he not resembled *MY FATHER*—as he slept"—

Domestic life is Woman's province: distant far from the contention of jarring passions, from the tempest of public tumult, it furnishes perpetual opportunity for exercise of the milder virtues, and their amiable attendants: to confer kindness, to contribute delight, to render all around as happy as life admits, such is the honour and dignity of the sex. Characters thus exalted, *if* they degenerate, rarely stop short of extreme degeneracy; unable to make a stand at moderate wickedness, they proceed but too often to total depravity; and the recollected excellence of former principles serves now but to mark the baseness of those for which they are exchanged! Such seem to have been the sentiments of the Poet respecting this Character; which almost as soon as it opens to our acquaintance, thus exclaims,

" The raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of *DUNCAN*

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits,

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it! Come to my Woman's breast,

And

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your fightless substances
You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold! Hold!*

Did the Poet ſuppoſe that without ſome ſuch infernal poſſeſſion the Character would be thought unnatural? Is this invocation in excuſe, or in aggravation, of her guilt? rather, is it not a different mode of application to thoſe powers which MACBETH too ſtrongly ſolicits? After this, we are little ſurprized at the finiſhed hypocrify of LADY MACBETH: on this ſubject ſhe leſſons her huſband; and appears not only an apt inſtructor, but a perfect proficient.

King. "See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!

Lady. "All our ſervice

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own."

At ſupper ſhe waits on the King to his utmoſt ſatisfaction; attends him long after MACBETH had left the preſence, and reaſoned himſelf out of his bloody purpoſes: thus ſhe lulls the King in ſecurity, and performs the duties of a hoſteſs, and a ſubject, without inciting the leaſt ſuſpicion of "this night's great buſineſs." Afterwards, ſhe overcomes her huſband's reluctance; not indeed by reaſoning, but by reſo-

lution; and not without somewhat like force, exerted by way of provoking question, rather than deliberative counsel; more artful, and perhaps much more effectual.

“ From this time,

Such I account thy Love. ART THOU AFRAID
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would’st thou have that
Which thou esteamest the ornament of life,
And live A COWARD in thine own esteem,
Letting *I dare not wait upon I would?*

Macbeth. If we should fail.

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we’ll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his hard day’s journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded DUNCAN? What not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?”

The Poet has contrived to make this *LADY* yet further active in the guilt, though unseen; *MACBETH* directs a servant

“ Go, bid thy mistress, *when my drink is ready*
She strike upon the bell.”

Thus allotting to her—the time, and signal, for the execution of the proposed murder; an engagement which she punctually fulfills; and whose atrocity the poet has contrived to heighten, by a circumstance introduced a little before

before the fact—the KING's "great largesse to the domestic officers; and the diamond sent by BANQUO to *LADY MACBETH*, by the name of *MOST KIND HOSTESS*." Left rewards heretofore bestowed on *MACBETH* might be thought due to his services; to charge his *LADY* with ingratitude toward the KING, for a recent personal favor, and to shew the royal mind, "in measureless content," and utterly unsuspicious, seems to be the design of this complimentary incident.

The following scene discloses her sentiments during her husband's actual commission of the murder; and it must be own'd they are by no means feeble: that she had freely promoted the mirth of the festival, seems evident from herself—
 "That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire!
 the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I've drugg'd their possets,
 That Death and Nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live, or die"

thus has she executed her part of the previously concerted plan, and not only by the seeming frankness and affability of the hostess, and the bewitching graces of the sex, has overcome the chamberlains and retinue of *DUNCAN* "with wine and wassel," but she purposes that their death shall succeed their drunkenness.

Her fears of failure, her momentary remorse on *DUNCAN*'s likeness to her father, her answers to her husband's terrors, her resolution in accomplishing what he dares not, by returning to the chamber with the daggers, her sentiment

" the sleeping, and the dead

" Are but as pictures"

are too well known, as deeply affecting the mind, to need enlargement. She bears little part in the conversation attendant on the discovery of the murder; but faints precisely at the
 the

the point of time to draw off attention from the too descriptive speech of her husband: and by this simulation attempts to express her sense of feelings, too great to be supported by the delicacy of her nature.

When *QUEEN, LADY MACBETH* has the same suspicions respecting *BANQUO* as her husband has; whose gloomy thoughts she chears, and perceiving him sufficiently forward to destroy *BANQUO*, acquiesces in almost silent approbation.

" Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

Her behaviour at the feast is capital; her attention to the guests, and her endeavors to conceal her husband's imbecility, are instances of consummate address. It should be remembered that the actual death of *BANQUO* is at this time unknown to her; and that she does not see the spectre sitting in *MACBETH*'s seat. Her *aside* discourse with *MACBETH*, and her reminding him of "the air drawn dagger, which, he said, led him to *DUNCAN*," are at once arguments to calm his mind, and symptoms of guilt rankling in her own, and rising to memory, even while "she keeps her state," at the royal banquet.

Let us pause here, and survey the numerous instances of an insensible, unfeeling heart, combined with great talents, and disguised by most flattering politeness, which this character has exhibited: when her husband's resolution has staggered, she has repeatedly supported it, by the firmness of her determination; when she feared his "milk of human kindness," she vaunts her own courage,

" Hie thee hither,

That I may pour MY spirits in thine ear,

And chastise with the valour of MY tongue,

All that impedes thee"

When

When he declines to proceed further in this business, she provokes him to it by reproach; she lays the plan of their proceedings, she performs her own part of those proceedings fully, she does not indeed kill DUNCAN, but she is ready to do it, and nearly accomplishes the deed, she treats as trifles the guilty suggestions of MACBETH's conscience after the fact, she includes the royal chamberlains in her scheme of death, she invites BANQUO to the feast with apparent kindness, she extends her foresight to him and his issue—at the feast she preserves her characteristic dignity, and endeavors to compensate to the company for her husband's absence of mind: perfectly uniform hitherto, there appears as yet no trace of sensibility, no symptom of remorse. But the Poet designs not thus to dismiss this character: he has chosen to contrast apparent calmness by actual solicitude, external tranquillity by internal perturbation, seeming health by positive disease, and days of splendour by nights of misery. While in company with MACBETH she has *him* to controul, and occupied by his disquiets she is intent on *his* behaviour; but when "his Majesty is gone into the field," her agitated mind disorders her enfeebled body, tormented conscience triumphs over the refinements of decorum, and the concealments of hypocrisy. In one single scene, the Poet has expressed this, more forcibly than if he had lengthened it into many: and this scene he has opened in a very masterly manner, by conversation between the Doctor and the QUEEN's waiting Gentlewoman,

Gentlewoman. "I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, read it, write upon it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in the most fast sleep."

"Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise;
and,

and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour."

At the time of the murder, *LADY MACBETH*,—says
 "My hands are of your colour, (*i. e.* bloody) but I shame
 To wear a heart so white.

A little water clears us of this deed,
 How easy is it then!"

But, now she exclaims, Yet here's a spot!
 Instantly afterwards, "Out damned spot! out I say!" . . .
 then, supposing she hears the clock strike, "One!
 Two! why then 'tis time to do't." Next, she imagines
 her husband objecting, "Hell is murky!" This she an-
 swers, "Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afraid!"—Her
 next idea, seems relative to his reflections after the fact,
 "what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our
 power to account." The faint recollection of her father,
 mingles with her memory of the daggers, "who would
 have thought the *OLD MAN* to have had so much blood in
 him?" She next informs us, of her share in the murder of
LADY MACDUFF and family, "The Thane of Fife, had a
 wife, where is she now?" Is not her next question a repeti-
 tion of her husband's supposed interjection? "What! will
 these hands ne'er be clean!" To which she answers,
 "No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that, You mar
 all

all with this starting;" This hints at the occurrences during the feast; but she instantly reverts to herself; "Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Then she assumes the courage she had lost, repeats the counsel she formerly gave her lord, "Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale; I tell you yet again. BANQUO's buried; he cannot come out of his grave!" Thus she alludes to comparatively a recent circumstance, but changes directly to that in which she had the greater share, "To bed, to bed, there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed."

The Poet leaves this scene in its full force upon us: he mentions indeed this *LADY* once more by *MACBETH's* enquiry respecting her of the *DOCTOR*, and afterwards

Macbeth. " What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macbeth. Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have dy'd hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word."

So that in effect the night-walking scene is the last, and with the ideas excited by that the Poet wishes to dismiss the character.

We behold in *LADY MACBETH*, a Character of high passions, and violent conceptions, without any principle of moderation, or sedate judgment, calmly investigating the nature of things: she is allured by a proposed object, whose splendours dazzle her imagination;—instantly she springs forward to its acquisition. Will it justify the exertion? of that she is inconsiderate; Will it repay the labour necessary to attain it? she despises such calculation: incited by her

No. III. *MACBETH*.

I

impetuosity,

impetuosity of temper, she disdains to wait for fortunate events, which *might* occur, and ensures their occurrence by over-leaping the bounds of loyalty, gratitude, and humanity. Possessing a vigorous mind, her language and style is determinate, and vigorous also; her resolution is prompt and positive, her activity instant and effectual, but her enjoyments are insubstantial, and her sufferings are exquisite. The same mental energy which formerly was her support, becomes the source of her unusual agitation, and she feels in accumulated sensations of terror, a punishment proportionate to those intervals from which such sensations were banished.

There is nothing more effectual in correcting any principle, than to shew its nature and tendency when uncontrouled, and impetuously rushing to extremes: Madness itself is but the extreme of uncorrected ideas; and domineering passions, in proportion as they are indulged, are more or less allied to Madness. No argument arises hence in favour of a human being without passions; could we find, or suppose, such an one, we should be no nearer to an instance of happiness; but, a very demonstrative argument arises in favour of some controlling power, to steady and balance, those propensities which while they are necessary ingredients in our nature, and intimately connected with our welfare, are also liable to gross abuses, and exposed to many fallacies and mistakes.

ARISTOTLE has said, that subjects producing Terror should be exhibited by the drama, with design to purge the mind, and the commonwealth, from such passions as they exhibit: and SHAKSPEARE, without any great intimacy with the principles of ARISTOTLE, has adopted the sentiment, and exemplified it in *LADY MACBETH*, whom we may quote, as an instance, that when the female sex, quitting the haven of repose and tranquillity, launches into the boisterous ocean of ambitious life, being far displaced from the station nature designed

designed it, it is but too apt to be borne away by the current, or driven by the tempest, remote from the shore, from security, and from happiness. When the constant and intimate companion of any man's bosom, instead of moderating his ill-placed desires, excites and augments them, when instead of calming his impetuosity, she urges it to violence, does she not risque, as well her own comfort, as that of those dear to her, plant thorns for her own pillow,

. (" Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets")

and expose every source of satisfaction and felicity, to the preying worm of remorse, and the corroding canker of bitter recollection? it is true, this may not be obvious to others, it may be veiled by affected serenity, or be removed from intimate inspection by dignity of station, nevertheless, it acts powerfully though privily, is attached to the person in defiance of rank, if quieted in company will rage in solitude, if postponed by day will revisit by night, nor cease, till recollection and this world close together.

F. F.

[illegible][illegible]

bottom and this will close together.

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7 MA 55



JOHN of GHENDT.

*Though RICHARD'S life my Counsel would not hear,
My Death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.*

London, Publish'd Aug. 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. III.

JOHN OF GHENDT.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

SCENE. *A Room in ELY-HOUSE, LONDON,*

GHENDT brought in sick; with the DUKE OF YORK.

Ghendt. Will the King come? that I may breathe my last
In whosesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Ghendt. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though RICHARD my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stop'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious meeters; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.

No. III. RICHARD II. K

Where

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Ghendt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last.
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds 'as far from home,
 For Christian-service, and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD, QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The *KING* is come: deal mildly with his youth:
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Richard. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Ghendt?

Ghendt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!

Old Ghendt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept his tedious fast;

And

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
 And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt;
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Richard. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Ghendt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself;

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Richard. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Ghendt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Richard. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me,

Ghendt. Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Richard. I am in health, I breathe, I see the ill;

Ghendt. Now, he that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease;

But, for the world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king;

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;

And

K. Richard. . . . Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Dar'st

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my feat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Ghendt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican :
 Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*]

K. Richard. And let them die that age and fullness have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickness and age in him :

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Ghendt commends him to your majesty.

K. Richard. What says he ?

Northumberland. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

KING RICHARD II. ACT III. SCENE I.

ut.

ty.

7 MA 55

B.

N^o 4.



H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor direxit et sculpsit.

VALENTINE.

How use doth breed a habit in a Man!

London. Published Oct: 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. IV.

.....

VALENTINE.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

THERE is scarce any occupation more agreeable and amusing, than that of tracing the progress of Genius, from its early attempts, when hesitation and indecision restrained its efforts, to those determinate and striking exertions, which complete and decide its character. At first, timid and cautious, it borrows some slight aids from the customary usages of its contemporaries, it conforms to their manners, adopts their opinions, and practices their arts: If it rise above their level, it is rarely much that it rises; but it rather seeks by emulating their merit to discover its own, and treads the same, or nearly the same, path, in search of public favour, as it observes has been successfully trodden by others. That the Public at any time may applaud, it must first understand: and this is most evidently true in ages just emerging from the gloom of superstition, and the darkness of barbarism. Extraordinary Genius may surprise, but its efforts, though surprising, may not instantly be relished, or be esteemed compatible with good taste, or correct judgment. Those talents are most likely to prove lasting, which are gradually strengthened, enlarged, corrected, and applied to subjects for which they are best qualified. This is no hasty

No. IV. GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. L business

business: Time and opportunity, must concur, to do them full justice; and those who are to reward by praise, or controul by censure, must impartially and effectively exercise their powers. SHAKSPEARE himself, improved like other writers, as he observed like other men; his early characters have neither the force, nor the discrimination, of his later, they are less distinct from the common mass of their fellows; and though occasionally, like the noblest metal, they manifest their native mine to be rich in resplendent ore, yet they also demonstrate its mixture of dross, and the necessity for its further working, and subsequent refinement.

The situations in which the *POET* places the character of VALENTINE, are such, as had this performance been a production of his later days, he would have marked by sentiments much more powerful than those they now produce. Either the sensations and feelings of his own mind were less acute, or his powers of expressing those feelings failed, being unpractised, or prudence suggested the propriety of accommodating his productions to the capacities of those who were to be entertained by such spectacles as he had undertaken to set before them: any, or all, of these reasons, might moderate, if not withhold, the exertion of that energy, whose principles were doubtless existing, though latent, in the vigorous and capacious mind of SHAKSPEARE.

Our first acquaintance with VALENTINE commences on the opening of the Play; where we find him, in conformity to the manners of the age, determined on quitting home, "To see the wonders of the world abroad," and to seek his fortune in a foreign court,

"Cease to persuade, my loving PROTHEUS;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:

Wer't

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin."

What his qualifications and pretensions might be, we learn from other parts of the Drama: in this scene, we find merely an allusion or two to the classics, (in ELIZABETH's days universally read, if not generally understood) and the customary quibbles, in which all ranks indulged themselves: That punning is not absolutely excluded among friends at present, is certain; but to please any above the vulgar, a pun is now required to possess as well neatness, as spirit, qualities not always compatible; and but little studied, when Punning was most in vogue. The chief additional information of this Scene, is, the close friendship between VALENTINE and PROTHEUS, and the intended difference of their situations: the former preferring honour, and being free in his affections: The latter being engaged in his affections, and preferring home.

We now follow VALENTINE in his journey; but are left utterly in the dark by what means he obtains so much favour of the DUKE, as in the sequel we find he enjoys: for, though it was not uncommon, for Princes to give entertainment to foreign gentlemen of abilities, and learning, in their courts, yet it cannot be supposed usual to admit such strangers to the domestic familiarities of intimate conversation, and of the social table. That by such admission, when granted, Princes ran no inconsiderable risque of suffering in-

conveniencies from unequal attachments, the situation of VALENTINE may be adduced as an instance. SILVIA, the DUKE's daughter, has cherished for him a decided, and powerful partiality; though as it seems unknown to him; who, on his side, has long been her affectionate admirer, and his love for her, has been noted by his servant SPEED, who describes her as "the Lady he so gazes on as she sits at supper." Beside this remark, and the trite reflection on Love's blindness, it were to be wished the discovery and acknowledgement of VALENTINE's love had possessed "more matter with less art." It were also to be wished, that he had understood the contrivance of SILVIA to state her mind to him, without the assistance of his servant, whose superior acuteness is little to the advantage of his master's understanding. In matter-of-fact occurrences, such an incident is doubtless possible enough, but, in Poetry, the Hero of the Piece suffers a kind of degradation, by assistance from an inferior. And this more sensibly strikes us, if the assistance be in that very point wherein the Hero should be most himself.

Valentine. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of your's;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvia. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Valentine. Now trust me madam, it came hardly off,
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Silvia. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Valentine. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write
Pleas you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet

Silvia. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;

And

And yet take this again ; and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Valentine. What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

Silvia. Yes, yes ! the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But since unwillingly take them again ;
Nay, take them

Valentine. Madam, they are for you.

Silvia. Ay, ay ; you writ them, sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Valentine. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Silvia. And, when its writ, for my sake read it over :
And, if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

Valentine. If it please me, Madam ? What then ?

Silvia. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour ;
And so good morrow, servant. [Exit.]

VALENTINE seems designed to be open, sincere, unsuspecting, and void of cunning : the praises he bestows on his friend PROTHEUS to the DUKE denote his frankness, and confidence, and are better expressed than usual,

“ I knew him, as myself ; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
Yet hath Sir PROTHEUS, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days :
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe ;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.”

His

His subsequent discourse with *PROTHEUS*, his praises of his mistress, and his entrusting his secret to his friend, are in conformity to his general character: in equal conformity, is his discovery to the *DUKE*, of the means he employs to visit and "enfranchise" *SILVIA*; his directions and sentiments are, to be sure, well enough, but his conduct is not expressive of that startling, and jealous, foresight, which marks the ardent lover; which, alarmed at the most distant hint, avoids with anxious apprehension every the most remote allusion, to its designs, its situation, its hopes, and its fears.

Thus he exclaims on his banishment,

" And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself!
And *SILVIA* is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if *SILVIA* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *SILVIA* be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *SILVIA* in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on *SILVIA* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life."

" It must be acknowledged the *DUKE* utters a sentiment in answer to *VALENTINE*'s praises of *PROTHEUS*, which seems

seems to vindicate him from the charge of unreasonableness, to which he is represented as liable,

“ Beshrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an *Empress's* love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.”

Yet it does not appear that VALENTINE had ever taken advantage of the liberality of these, or similar sentiments, or attempted to divert the DUKE's intentions respecting THURIO as his daughter's husband, from that unworthy character, to himself; or that he had so far gained his confidence, or merited his reward, as might encourage him to propose his suit openly. The DUKE indeed surmises, but has not ascertained, the mutual partiality of VALENTINE and SYLVIA; remarking

“ I often time have purposed to forbid
Sir VALENTINE her company, and my court,
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks :”

Had VALENTINE appeared to have profited to his utmost by these sentiments, had he even pleaded with the DUKE, when ordered to depart, and endeavoured to soften his resentment, or to moderate his own hard fate, our interest in the character would have been greatly augmented: as the story now is told, we are much more affected by the description of SYLVIA's sufferings, and agitation, than by the actual view of VALENTINE's banishment.

VALENTINE seized by the outlaws in the forest, is by their threats forced, and by their promises urged, to unite in
their

their company. Whether suddenly choosing an untried man for their leader, is perfectly accordant with the manners of such banditti, may be doubted: but it is pleasing to observe the traits of benevolence which display themselves in him on this occasion,

“ I take your offer; and will live with you,
*Provided that you do no outrages
 On filly women, and poor passengers,”*

And a similar sentiment afterwards—

“ What hallooing, and what stir is this, to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law;
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
 They love me well; *yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.”*

His rescue of SILVIA from the rudeness of PROTHEUS, is but proper: his reproaches to PROTHEUS, assume somewhat of vigour, and resolution; too much indeed, to be so easily satisfied, as by the bare profession of repentance, in the perjured, the violent, the villainous PROTHEUS. Propriety starts from his easy forgiveness, though it admits the general sentiment in favour of repentance,

“ Who by repentance is not satisfy’d,
 Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas’d.”

But I own I have always thought his offer expressed in the lines—

“ And that my love may appear plain and free,
 All that was mine in SILVIA, I give thee.”

was too extravagant to be really the Poet's meaning. I should rather wish to read,

"All that was mine, (but *SILVIA*), I give thee."

i. e. all excepting *SILVIA*, which surely is sufficiently expressive of every symptom of friendship returned, that can be warranted, perhaps suffered, by Decency, not to mention the reciprocal affection of himself and *SILVIA*, so lately the subject of his meditation, his recent recovery of her he loves, and the utter impropriety of his disposal of her person, even were he inclined to relinquish his interest in her heart.

VALENTINE's reconciliation of *PROTHEUS* and *JULIA*, and his endeavours to render them happy, his kind reception of the captive *DUKE*, his threats to *THURIO*, his solicitude for his fellow-outlaws, their return, and prosperity, close his character in an amiable manner, and leave a pleasing idea of it when the piece terminates.

There is little to be learnt from the character of *VALENTINE* in relation to the conduct of human life: though many of his situations are trying, his sentiments are but common; though they require extraordinary address, fortitude, or fortune, he exhibits no more than ordinary abilities might furnish: but there is much to be learnt in respect of the gradual unfolding of the *POET*'s mind; there is scarce any situation in this play, which he has not had occasion afterwards to treat afresh, and it is curious to note the progressive powers he displays in them. *VALENTINE* is a character surpassing most, or all, of its time; but many following characters surpass *VALENTINE*. The *POET* exerted himself, *as he could*: having much to learn, he could not teach that whereof he was ignorant; having much to observe, he

No. IV. GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. M could

could not describe what he had not seen; the POET being unprivileged to enter among gentlemen, we see not much of the gentleman in VALENTINE; he is described as a man of study, but the POET had no study with which to adorn him; as a man of valour, but his valour is not put to the proof, for of superior valour SHAKSPEARE had seen little: his character has no force, for the POET's mind seems as yet barely conscious of its own powers; it has few excellencies, for the excellencies of SHAKSPEARE were as yet latent: but then it has few vices, for SHAKSPEARE seems to have had few belonging to him; and a general principle of benevolence seems to pervade this character, which is but in unison to the placid mind of the "gentle SHAKSPEARE." In fact, it is honorable to SHAKSPEARE that his early characters are far from being personally profligate; that having villains to describe he has described their villainy is no exception; but we see not that utter worthlessness, that total depravity, in his characters, which indicates their author to be hackneyed in the ways of deeply vicious men; it should seem probable from hence, that he had not abandoned himself to such courses, or been drawn into those vortices of iniquity, which we know to have been but too prevalent in his days, and which would hardly have failed in some respect or other to have tinged his performances, had they stained the author.

The office of candour is to judge kindly of early performances, to pardon some deficiencies, to overlook some defects, and to soften the rigid asperity of that criticism, which, in discovering blemishes, renders the author unhappy, and gives him a distaste for those studies wherein nature has capacitated him to excell. Had not the frank and unsuspicious, though betrayed, VALENTINE, been cherished, we had never seen OTHELLO equally frank, equally unsuspicious, equally betrayed,—but in character infinitely superior: the banished VALENTINE must be more than tolerated, if we wish to

obtain a banished ROMEO: ORLANDO in the forest, is a prodigious advance on VALENTINE among the outlaws; but VALENTINE is pleasing in hopes of ORLANDO. The early fruit of this noble tree is indeed somewhat insipid, but patience and cultivation may amend its flavour.

We may observe, that a certain degree of compliance with temporary taste, is hardly avoidable by an author whose profession leads him to court popularity: his portraits of nature will be unknown, or disapproved, unless somewhat of the mode be attended to in their ordonnance. If wit, or affectation of wit, prevail in the public, such a disposition must be exhibited in an author's imitation of the manners of that public: if metaphysics and labyrinthine subtleties are studied, plain sterling sense is nearly exploded, as well from Poetry, as from life. The power of fashion is all-prevalent in the world around: can it be otherwise in characters conformed to that world? but this should remind us, that as every age has its peculiar fashions, which are pleasant to those accustomed to them, though inconvenient, or *choquant*, to others, to whom they are strange, we should not be too severe in remarking every absurdity, (as we suppose it) in our predecessors, lest our successors should use our caprices with equally little ceremony, condemn what we applaud, despise what we esteem, abhor what we value, and by no novel rotation of opinion, return to the cultivation and practice of those very customs, which we now stigmatize as ridiculous, and intolerable.

When we consider this character as the production of a young man, lately from the country, lately acquainted with the theatre, (and that theatre in a rude, coarse, unpolished, state, affording few, if any, examples worth imitating,) obscure in his circumstances, and rather a refugee than a willing inhabitant

inhabitant of the metropolis, unlikely to be admitted into cultivated life, and consequently unable to depict it, we may venture to pronounce it no ordinary effort: thus circumstanced, not to be vulgar, is to be genteel; not be below contemporaries in more fortunate situations, is to surpass them; not to be grossly ignorant, is to be comparatively learned; though evidently a novice, not to be a bungler, is to be a master; not to fail utterly, is to succeed honorably: and in this view, perhaps, more praise is due to the character of VALENTINE, than to those which we are more used to peruse with delight, or to behold with astonishment.

7 MA 55

B.

N^o IV.



H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor delinxi et. sculp.

LADY MACDUFF.

—What are these faces?

London, Publish'd Sep. 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. IV.

LADY MACDUFF.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

Enter MACDUFF's WIFE, her SON, and ROSSE.

Lady Macduff. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none:

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl,
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: But for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:

No, IV, MACBETH,

N

But

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once.

[*Exit Rosse.*]

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
 The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set for,
 My father is not dead for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
 With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

Lady

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how will thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger doth approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm,—What are these faces?

Enter

Enter MURDERERS.

Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope in no place so un sanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Murderer. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou flag-ear'd villain.

Murderer. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF crying murder.]

MACBETH. ACT IV. SCENE II.

7 MA 55

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N^o 5

H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor delin.

W. Miller sculp.

VIRGILIA.

His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

London, Publish'd Nov^r 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. V.

VIRGILIA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

SCENE CAIUS MARCIUS' HOUSE IN ROME.

VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA sewing.

Volumnia. I pray you daughter, sing; or exprefs yourself in a more comfortable fort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virgilia. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

No. V. CORIOLANUS. O

Volumnia.

Volumnia. Then his good report should have been my son ;
I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess
sincerely:—Had I dozen sons,—each in my love alike,
and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I
had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than
one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

Gentlewoman. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virgilia. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Volumnia. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum ;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards ; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome : His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virgilia. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Volumnia. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy : The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

Virgilia. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Volumnia. He'll beat Aufidius's head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter VALERIA, with an USHER, and a GENTLEWOMAN.

Valeria. My ladies both, good day to you.

Volumnia. Sweet madam,

Virgilia. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Valeria.

Valeria. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers.

What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Virgilia. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Volumnia. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,

Then look upon his school-master.

Valeria. O' my word, the father's son, I'll swear: 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Volumnia. One of his father's moods.

Valentia. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Virgilia. A crack, madam.

Valentia. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Virgilia. No, good madam, I will not out of doors.

Valentia. Not out of doors!

Volumnia. She shall, she shall.

Virgilia. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Valentia. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Virgilia. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Volumnia. Why, I pray you?

Virgilia. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Valentia. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambrick were

were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Virgilia. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Valentia. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Virgilia. O, good madam: there can be none yet.

Valentia. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Virgilia. Indeed, madam?

Valentia. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Virgilia. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Volumnia. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Valentia. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Virgilia. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Valentia. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

CORIOLANUS. ACT I. SCENE III.

7 MA 65



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor direct et sculptor

MENENIUS.

*If I could shake off but one Seven years
From these old Arms and Legs, by the good Gods
I'd wish thee every foot.*

London. Published Nov. 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street. Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. V.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

EXTREMES, are usually, so evidently improper, impolitic, and unjust, that few persons can approve, or vindicate them, upon cool consideration: to discover their malignity, little more is necessary, than that calm reflection, which is at once the strongest safety, and the highest dignity of a rational mind. In the story of CORIOLANUS, SHAKSPEARE had to pourtray, the extremes of popular phrenzy, and of Patrician haughtiness; his subject led him to exhibit unthinking, ill-reasoning, mobs, extremely forward in mischief, when actuated by conception of real, or supposed, injury, readily receiving such conceptions, and prompted in consequence of them; equally readily, varying from their former opinions, and frightened into the recollection of their impotence in judgement: as a counterpart, his chief character required the combination of great talents, and undaunted courage, with an overweening opinion of self, and a total disregard of inferior, and subordinate, members of the commonwealth. Between these extremes, he has introduced a character capable of alternately correcting either of them; not afraid of speaking his mind to the

No. V. CORIOLANUS. P people

people freely, and fully, though occasionally covertly; bold, in reminding them, not merely of their duty, but of their want of that information necessary to the possibility of a just determination; frankly exposing to them their genuine character, and not backward in ridiculing the malice of their factious patrons; on the other hand, no less resolute in blaming his friend, in detecting his deviations from the path of prudence, and in insisting on his proper attention to the honest arts of popularity, and the regular requisitions of customary, and established, formalities.

Amid the violence of civil discord, REASON either loses her voice, or retains it in vain: the din and clamour of clashing parties, invade the honours of that celestial visitant; riot and tumult, revenge and destruction, expel, or imprison that (*should-be-sovereign*) arbitress of right and wrong. While such scenes are passing, few regret the sufferings of heaven's own daughter, few venture to speak on her behalf, and to hint her restoration to her just dignity: the cause is obvious; those who adhere to her suffer with her, and, while by silence preserving their lives, are content to undergo a temporary constraint of sentiment, and to suspend those exertions, which, they are aware would be useless in point of public benefit, while they would be dangerous, perhaps fatal, to themselves. But, though this versatile prudence be general, it is not universal; here and there may be found a character who will speak his opinion, and will endeavour to correct prevailing misapprehension; who firmly opposes the sturdy shoulder of honest fortitude, to repulse, as well popular delusion, as individual pride: such a character is MENENIUS AGRIPPA: not without ability, yet without those rare and splendid talents which dazzle beholders: honest, yet not refusing the use of such oblique insinuation as may gently find introduction where direct remonstrances would fail; hearty in his good opinion of his friend,

friend, yet not placing friendship in over-looking his defects, but frankly correcting them; aware of some imperfections in his own character, therefore bearing with the imperfections of others; yet not vindicating their excess in himself; or suffering their excess in others to become injurious to the public, without receiving his effective reprimand, and exposure.

To analyse the character of MENENIUS, we should advert to his *COURAGE*, which never once forsakes him, even amid dangers whose termination is utterly unforeseen: many men can boldly face an enemy in the field, who would shrink before an armed and tumultuous populace; many can risque dangers in concert with others, who when alone consult and obey timidity, under the specious name of prudence; many can freely encounter the perils of battle, who when called to check a friend in private, hesitate, and retire, though they see his interest, and welfare, dependent on their sincerity, and information. Courage, in such persons, appears a varying quality, a flashing flame, rather than a steady light; but the courage of MENENIUS is uniform: he speaks plainly to the people, and plainly to CORIOLANUS, neither dreads the headstrong rashness of the former, nor the fierce sallies of the latter; his judgement sees the path proper to be pursued, and his courage prompts him clearly to deliver his opinion in advising it.

But his Courage is not of that cast which repulses the union of other Virtues; his *PRUDENCE* and *MANAGEMENT*, no less merit observation than his Courage: he makes free with himself, when about to make free with others; qualifies by a general odditty of remark, and expression, the severity of those sarcasms which he has in reserve; humourously descants (in the second Act) on his own private character, and by his eccentric and jocular treatment of himself, induces us to admit with less scrutiny his reflections on others. The
man

man can hardly offend, who, being at the same time open-hearted, lively, and right honest, jokes at others, but also at himself, and treats his own whimsies with as little ceremony, as he does the caprices of those around him: His prudent management appears no less in public emergencies, than in the ordinary affairs of life: what he undertakes, he proposes to accomplish, by using the proper means to the proper end; he knows how, occasionally, to correct, and occasionally to soothe, he suffers no old grudge, no personal animosity, to prevent his endeavours for the public benefit, but though aware of difficulties, yet despairs not of ultimate success.

Prudence may fail of maintaining its due powers, if surprized by an unstable temper, if at any time off its guard, but, when accompanied by that *PLACIDITY OF MIND*, which genuine wisdom directs, much may be expected from it. In Conformity to this Principle, we see no starts of Passion in *MENENIUS*, no sudden hurricane transports him to excess, but one even, general, tenor of mind, and sentiment, accompanies him: ruffled only as accident might ruffle it, but never outrageous, or turbulent. Sensible of injuries in his own person, or in that of his friend, but seeking no illicit mode of gratifying revenge. Ever desirous of seeing the most chearful side of things, and rather yielding to the impulse of joy, than to the melancholy of dejection, he preserves that moderation which readily finds opportunities in circumstances around it, and equally readily improves them.

To these virtues, must be added *PERSEVERANCE*, to render them complete, or their uses effectual; persevering Courage, persevering Prudence, persevering Placidity, can hardly fail of producing beneficial effects to their possessor, beneficial effects to the public: they enable him who cultivates them, not merely to maintain that station in the commonwealth to which his birth may entitle him, but to embrace those opportunities which fortune may offer, of rendering important ser-

vices to the state, and augmenting at once his own personal glory, and that of his country. Perseverance forms into habit the exercise of these valuable qualities; and renders their exercise more easy, when circumstances may be difficult; more natural, when otherwise they might appear constrained and more effectual, when constancy and repetition are the rational means of success.

INTEGRITY can scarce fail of being well supported by the assemblage of Virtues we have named; and from this, where generally known, much influence may be expected: it has a weight with it, not to be acquired by any other means; it enforces the opinion of him who is thus esteemed, beyond the power of argument; it conveys to the minds of others, that kind of respect which acts in public and in private; directly and indirectly; present and absent. The repute of this Virtue animates the backward, to acquiesce in his sentiments who is thus esteemed; it restrains the forward from opposing so respectable authority; and it decides the undecided, by a lawful prejudice in favour of his determination, in whom concurrent voices acknowledge the prevalence of Integrity.

Let us now endeavour to trace how far we are justified in attributing these virtues to *MENENIUS AGRIPPA*.

Scarce any thing, it is remarked, is more favourable to a man's character, or more assistant to his usefulness, than the general good opinion of his fellow-citizens: we are therefore prepared to find *MENENIUS* a person of importance, when we note his introduction by the speeches of the insurgent Citizens.

1st. Citizen. Soft; who comes here?

2^d. Citizen. Worthy *MENENIUS AGRIPPA*: one that always lov'd the people.

1st. Citizen. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Finding the Citizens in tumult, he enquires wherefore? reasons with them, and on account of the dearth refers them

No. V. *CORIOLANUS*.

Q

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to the gods, who caused it, not the patricians; yet compassionately attributes to their sufferings under calamity, their present mutinous disposition. He does not expect that sudden effects should follow his answer to them; but patiently hears their reply, and perceiving the necessity for soothing their violence, and gaining a gradual ascendance over their opinion, he amuses their attention by the celebrated fable of the belly and members; whereby he gently diverts them from their purposes, and if he does not convince, he embarrasses, their understandings.

A patrician by station, he is attached to the cause of the Nobility, and sides with CORIOLANUS: this appears in his sarcasms against the newly-appointed Tribunes of the people; whose office being to represent and patronize the people against the ancient nobility, could not but be offensive to "a humourous patrician." When the pride of MARCIUS is the subject of conversation, unable to vindicate MARCIUS, he retorts the accusation on the Tribunes, and discovers the sentiments "of the right-hand file," respecting these upstarts in authority. He parries their thrusts at his friend, by personally attacking themselves; and while he describes their unimportant importance, he fairly talks them dumb; he rattles them into silence; and by his volubility, if not by his arguments, maintains his own cause, and degrades theirs.

There is great spirit in his behaviour on receiving the news of MARCIUS's success, arrival, and remembrance of him. "I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me!" "A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen*, is but empyric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse drench."—Here the critic exclaims, "what could MENENIUS know of "*Galen* who lived many centuries after him?" True, the Poet should have consulted his dictionary for some great name of more remote antiquity, Esculapius, or at least a Son of

Esculapius, some Homeric Physician, some Machaon, or — but in the mean time the vigour of his conception would have been dissipated, his ideas would have been diverted from characteristic expression, and the fire of his Genius been damped by the solicitude of correctness. We must take SHAKSPEARE as he is: we may wish his literature had been more exact, but while thus wishing, we must allow that possibly Study might have cramped his imagination; and that if he had not been *confined* by Learning, (which also was possible,) yet a share of that proportion now attributable to mother Nature must then have been relinquished, to tutored Art, greatly to our detriment; since the directions of Art, will never equal in effect the energy of Nature. To proceed: the joy of MENENIUS, his enquiry after the wounds of CORIOLANUS, his certainty of his victory, and defeat of AUFIDIUS, his recounting the former, and recent, wounds of his friend, are perfectly natural, and in character: they contribute to express his intimacy with CORIOLANUS, while they hint to the spectator the former exploits of that Hero, and his early services to his Country.

MENENIUS is selected to propose CORIOLANUS for the consulship: he desires the General COMINIUS to relate his actions of valour; and takes the part of his friend against the insinuation of the Tribunes: but when CORIOLANUS would decline the customary appeal to the people, and soliciting of their votes, he urges it upon him with determinate accents.

Sicinius. Sir, the People

Must have their voices: neither will they bate

One jot of ceremony.

Menenius. Put them not to't.—

Pray go fit you to the custom, and

Take to you, as your predecessors have,

Your honour with your form.

Q^a

Coriolanus

Coriolanus. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaching scars, which I should hide;
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:

Menenius. Do not stand upon't,
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to the noble *CONSUL*
With we all joy and honour.”

Afterwards he reasons privately with the new *CONSUL*:

“ O sir, you are not right: Have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?
Pray you, speak to 'em I pray you:
In wholesome manner.”

Nevertheless he is the first to return when the time is expired,
as if anxious for the event

“ You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes,
Endue you with the people's voice: remains,
That in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.”

In the beginning of the tumult *MENENIUS* uses his utmost
to prevent extremities—“ Be calm! be calm!—Let's be
calm—Well, no more—Well, well, no more of that.” “Come,
enough—on both sides more respect—

What is about to be? I am out of breath—
Confusion's near—I cannot speak—you tribunes—
To the people—*CORIOLANUS*, patience—
Speak good *SICINIUS*—
Fie! fie! fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Hear me one word—

Beseech you tribunes hear me but one word.

Be that you seem;—truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress—”

Nor

Nor does his steadiness forsake him when CORIOLANUS draws his sword: *even against his friend*, he exclaims, "DOWN WITH THAT SWORD—Tribunes withdraw awhile," But seeing his friend in danger, and no possibility of restoring order, affection changes his voice, for the moment, to,

"Help MARCIUS: help!

You that be noble, help him! young and old."

Again perceiving him in safety, his judgement reverts to censure,

"Begone, beseech you:

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue.

One time will owe another,

Pray you begone—

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little: this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour."

Nor does he merely resolve, but he executes his resolution: preserves temper sufficient to address the tribunes as "worthy tribunes," and fortitude sufficient to name the *CONSUL*, and plead in his favour against the tumultuous rabble, and their insidious mischief-plotting conductors. He opposes moderation to their rage, reasoning to their noise, and, by suggesting lawful methods of proceeding, he gains time, prevents the execution of their proposed punishment, (death) and delays, or suspends, their rage, in hopes of a more fortunate period, and a better issue.

" Proceed by process

Left parties (as he is beloved) break out

And sack great Rome with Romans.

. Give me leave;

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him,

Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,

(In peace) to his utmost peril."

Thus we see, a second time, the reasonings of MENENIUS crowned with success; and that when addressed to the mob:

we

we see, a second time, the triumph of coolness and sobriety of mind; the effect of good repute, and personal rectitude. CORIOLANUS would have been kill'd, Menenius is heard: pleads his cause and gains it; offers his services, and endeavors by those services to restore the public weal: though he cannot justify the *CONSUL* directly, he does it indirectly, makes the best apology for him, such as confirms his reasonings, while every way honourable to his friend, and formidable to his adversaries.

But though he vindicates CORIOLANUS in public, he hesitates not to rebuke him in private; and shews the same sincerity of opinion to him as to the people.

"Come, come, you have been too rough:

You must return and mend it.—"

He votes against harsh measures: "Only FAIR SPEECH:

Ay, but MILDLY, CALMLY, I do beseech you—"

Jealous for his friend's honour, while yet suspicious of his passions, takes his speech from his lips; and hopes by his own language, to render effectual service in restoring tranquility,

"Lo citizens, he says he is content.

The warlike service he hath done consider; think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew

Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Consider, further

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather then envy you."

Thus he endeavors with the people; nor less with CORIOLANUS:

"Nay, TEMPERATELY: Your promise—

Is this the promise that you made your mother?"

After the banishment of CORIOLANUS he attempts to assuage
the

the wrath of VOLUMNIA, yet he avows his sentiments respecting him to the Tribunes,

“ All’s well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz’d ”—

When they charge the *CONSUL* with “ affecting one sole throne,” he answers, “ I think not so.” Hearing the reports of the Volces being in arms, he instantly recollects his friend, counteracts the rash orders of the Tribunes,

“ But reason with the fellow

Before you punish him, where he heard this:

Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger, who bids beware

Of what is to be dreaded.”

He disbelieves the union of *CORIOLANUS* and *AUFIDIUS*:

“ This is unlikely,

He, and *AUFIDIUS*, can no more at-one

Then violentest contrariety.”

When he finds it true, his old regard revives; and though he cannot but account him an enemy, he cannot but vent his regrets on those who banished him.

In the fifth Act, we find the Tribunes intreating *MENENIUS* to an interview with *CORIOLANUS*: which he declines, when informed of the uncivil reception *COMINIUS* had experienced, and the rough answers returned to his expostulations: but, not of a disposition to be easily cast down, *MENENIUS* undertakes the task, though reluctantly.

“ I think he’ll hear me: Yet to bite his lip

And hum at good *COMINIUS*, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well; he had not din’d;

The veins unfill’d, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give, or to forgive; but when we have stuff’d

These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I’ll watch him,

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him."

The same MENENIUS who used the properest means to obtain his purposes when addressing the tumultuated plebeians, and gently amused them to their own conviction; now proposes the seemingly wisest way, and to wait the most likely happiest moments, of favourable audience from CORIOLANUS: he wishes to soothe, to soften, to moderate, therefore he postpones his request till the opportunity may seem most fit to that intent; and thus, in debate with the Volscian centinels, he adheres to this plan.

"Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner."

He is not easily prevented from his purpose: and when that purpose fails, he returns with great unwillingness. The personal favour shewn him by CORIOLANUS, in having a letter ready for him, is now no cause of exultation; the dangers of his country hang heavy on his mind; full of his late rebuff he relates the sad tidings to the Tribune, yet preserves something of his former humour, though mingled with much apprehension; as when that apprehension is changed to joyful certitude of unhoped success, he mingles with expressions of joy, his customary reflections on those who occasioned the calamity!

Such is the character of MENENIUS AGRIPPA: had his friend the *CONSUL* practised his moderation, all had been well; had the Tribunes been actuated by his integrity, they had seen no bloody days for Rome; had the populace possessed his constancy, his placidity, or his judgment, they had avoided the evils which well-nigh ruined their divided Country; had either, or all the parties, been guided by his advice, they would have reaped the benefit of talents which themselves did not possess: and the tranquility of their City would have continued undisturbed, protected by the Virtues of Courage and Conduct, of Placidity and Perseverance, as exhibited and combined by MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

7 MA 55



DESDEMONA.

Desdemona. *The poor soul sat singing
Sing willon, willon, willon:*

London, Published Dec 1. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. VI.

DESDEMONA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

IN criticising works of imagination, we should endeavour to attain a previous and just idea of what their Author proposed to himself to represent: if he has accomplished his design, unless that design be very mean indeed, and by its meanness unworthy his attention, he may claim praise for his representation, and for whatever skill he has discovered in the conduct of his performance. Drawing from the stores of his mind, which was replenished with observations of Nature, rather than immediately from Nature itself, we are to consider the peculiar train of thought he may have indulged, together with the force of that *generalization* of feature and circumstance, which attends the combinations, and reflections, of mental conceptions. Poets, who have confined themselves to the close delineation of some particular individual, have seldom been generally pleasing; since the circumstances wherein they have placed their portrait (one might say the light wherein it is seen) have varied greatly from those wherein they studied the original; whence have arisen a harshness, a constraint, or a deficiency, which ill-applied particularity ever will exhibit to the critical observer. To comprehend the effect, therefore, of any character, let us reflect on the end proposed; and the means pursued, by its

No. VI. OTHELLO. R Author:

Author : methinks, I see our Poet calling around him his ideas, assembling his remarks made on human life, and principles, selecting from those which crowd his memory, and from amid the throng, choosing such as he inclined to exhibit, in the character of *DESDEMONA*, which now engages us. May we not suppose him thus, as it were, reasoning with himself, while intending to exhibit a subject replete with pity?—

Female life is, especially in earlier years, secluded from observation of intricate and agitated situations ; it pries not into the hidden motives of persons whom it may occasionally observe : Turpitude, which shrinks from remark ; Hypocrisy, which adopts disguise ; rarely come under its inspection : whence it is by no means equal to the task of counteracting their manœuvres, or detecting their contrivances. Engaged in the duties which fall to its lot, of the plots of malice, and the crooked machinations of designing policy, it is an absolute stranger : amiable and benevolent by nature, by situation, by duty, and by habit, it is equally unable to repel the boisterous roughness of hardened violence, and to unmask the covert insinuations of depraved and remorseless villainy. Called suddenly into public and exalted life, from such privacy, it risks much unhappiness, if indeed it can support the burthen attached to that station ; which is ever surrounded by dangers and difficulties against whose injuries the holiest rectitude cannot always defend, nor the best intentions guard. But, other stations also have their unhappiness : the most virtuous persons, who never quit the direct line of their duty, thereby exposing themselves to meet misfortune, cannot always avoid the visits of misfortune in their domestic recesses. Such are objects of pity ; we do not condemn them, but sympathise with their distresses, their sufferings interest us deeply, and we tremble for their fate : from such a character ; from virtue, kindness, delicacy, benevolence, suffering

fering under accumulated, undeserved affliction: no heart so hard as to refuse pity, no eye so dry as to withhold tears.

If somewhat like these might be the reasonings of SHAKESPEARE, the character must repay our closest inspection: We propose, therefore, *first*, to see what kind of person the POET meant to represent; and *secondly*, to notice the events wherein she is concerned, and the situations wherein he has placed her, with design to excite that sympathetic commiseration which we call Pity; and this seems the rather necessary, as we cannot pity the obdurate and reprobate; they excite our horror and indignation; neither can we equally pity the not ill-deserving, who by defect of judgment become the authors of their own calamity, or at least of its severity; these mingle our pity with blame and censure; whereas pure Pity arises from the consideration of Virtue and Merit, in circumstances of wretchedness absolutely undeserved; but if that wretchedness proceed from the very quarter from whence Merit and Virtue should in all reason have expected happiness, and from whence it had promised itself, on the best authority and dependance, the completest and most satisfactory felicity, the intensity of Pity is proportionally augmented.

The personal character of DESDEMONA, as the POET would have us receive it, may be gathered, partly, from the expressions of her FATHER, which though uttered in wrath, are nevertheless meant to be just; and partly from those of OTHELLO, which though tinctured with affection, yet are free from extravagance. As to personal beauty, that must be supposed, or granted, in the heroine of every story. To select deformity of body, or fordidness of manners, would argue little skill, in a Poet who meant to make any vigorous impression on his auditory; and though it be true, that somewhat not absolutely irrelative to the principle of this remark, (*i. e.* but a moderate share of personal comeliness) is so counterbalanced in OTHELLO, by the noblest qualities of mind, as

to suspend our prejudice in his disfavour, yet it must be owned, that in this very instance our *POET* has always been considered as running no inconsiderable risque;—how greatly had that risque been augmented, had his *DESDEMONA* instead of being fair been black?

DESDEMONA's Character from her FATHER :

“ A maiden tender, fair, and happy :”

“ A maiden never bold ;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself :

It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,

That will confess *perfection* so could err

Against all rules of Nature ; and must be driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be.”

DESDEMONA's Character from OTHELLO :

“ I spake of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field ;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach ;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,

. These things to hear

Would *DESDEMONA* seriously incline ;

But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again :

I often did beguile her of her tears,

When I did speak of some distressful stroke

That my youth suffered. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs :

She swore, in faith ! 'twas strange ! 'twas passing strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful :”

“ My

"My wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances, well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:"

"O, the world hath not a lovelier creature!"

"A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! she
might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks:
Hang her! I do but say what she is; so delicate with her
needle, an admirable musician, O she will sing the savage-
ness out of a bear; of so high and plenteous wit, and in-
vention: and then of so gentle a condition. . . ."

DESDEMONA's Character from CASSIO:

"She is a most exquisite lady.
Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
An inviting eye: and yet, methinks, right MODEST.
She is, indeed, perfection."

" Our general hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency."

"The virtuous DESDEMONA."

DESDEMONA's Character from IAGO.

"She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed, a disposition,
that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than
she is requested"

" 'Tis most easy
The inclining DESDEMONA to subdue,
In any HONEST suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements
I will turn her VIRTUE into pitch:
And out of *her own* GOODNESS make the net
That shall emmesh them all"

In

In combining these ideas, we find her young, and amiable, compassionate, benevolent, and friendly, well educated in what was esteemed the superior departments of education, yet equally attentive to the domestic duties of her station: too well informed to be above the super-intendence of her family; while an equal companion to the very best of company. Nature in its most lovely form, completed by art in its most perfect manner. What further can be desired as the best materials for happiness? but SHAKSPEARE knew that even these cannot always insure happiness, but are exposed to adverse events, against which their whole combination has no adequate means of resistance; and indeed, to which, even innocence itself may inadvertently furnish unhappy occasion.

We proceed now to the situations wherein the *POET* has placed her: the first of these, is, her marriage with *OTHELLO*: the leading event which draws on her subsequent misfortunes.—I incline to think, that our *POET* had noticed the unhappiness attending some incongruous affection, where disparity of years, of circumstances, or of disposition, had been the cause of misery: perhaps he had felt by sympathy, (as the gentle SHAKSPEARE could feel) the sufferings of parties, not in themselves unworthy, who by adverse fate were mis-united: he had seen “trifles light as air” become serious misfortunes to such; or some unlucky turn, some inconsiderable occurrence, prove destructive to that confidence which more equal unions would have maintained; repulsing with disdain, not only such, but much stronger incidents: if so, he painted from Nature; but of this supposition we have no proof. Among the just remarks made by the unjust *IAGO*, this is not the least founded: to “maintain love, there should be, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which,” says he, “the Moor is defective in.” Though we will not agree with the superstitious *BRABANTIO*, that spells, and witchcraft, and magic, had

had effected this union; yet its propriety may justly be the subject of doubt; and a consciousness of this, seems to have produced that concealment and disguise practised by *DESDEMONA* on her father, (who was her natural guardian, and who does not appear to have been an unkind one) which is by no means to be vindicated. Secrecy, if not a direct evidence of guilt, must be considered as a suspicious indication of conscious departure from rectitude: and, when adopted, implies a necessity for a certain management and dexterity which rarely accompanies Virtue. Virtue and Concealment are distant acquaintance: Concealment and Guilt are intimate friends. If associates determine character, those who associate with secrecy and concealment, have at least, a somewhat, whose imperfections, they are aware, are best screened from inspection.

It must be owned there is something noble, at least, in the sentiments of *DESDEMONA* before the council, when apparently about to be separated from her husband,

“ That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence, and storm of fortune,
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw *OTHELLO*'s visage in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.”

Such sentiments prepare us for her future affection, constancy, and (eventually) affliction. In following her husband to the wars, she shakes off the usual timidity of her sex, bears her voyage with composure, and meets her lord with affection. After the unhappy indiscretion of *CASSIO*, she interests herself kindly in his behalf, presses her lord to restore his office, and seems to use her most pleasing argument, in saying,

“ What! *MICHAEL CASSIO*,
That came a-wooing with you: and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en you part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in!"

The circumstance of *DESDEMONA*'s dropping the handkerchief, is what might happen to any: though of importance, as affairs afterwards proceed, yet being lost in *OTHELLO*'s service, merely casual, it might have passed unnoticed, did not *EMILIA* descant on her regard to this, her first remembrance from the Moor,

" She so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it evermore about her
 To kifs, and talk to,"

And afterwards *DESDEMONA* herself,

" Where should I lose that handkerchief, *EMILIA*?

Emilia. I know not, Madam.

Desdemona. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
 Full of crusados; and but my noble Moor,
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him in ill-thinking"

This little circumstance, a mere accident, a very trifle in itself, at most an inadvertency, and well-meant, awakens regret in the spectator, and prepares the mind to compassionate as the probable victim of pure misfortune, not of guilt: this regret augments as *OTHELLO* proceeds to prize the token, and as his passion rises, and imparts to it a consequence, to which it seems otherwise not entitled.

It is well known this circumstance has been carped at very strongly by criticism, whereas, in fact, it is a striking instance of the *POET*'s judgment; had it been really important its excellence had been diminished, perhaps destroyed. The *POET* introduces it well, by the remark of *IAGO*

" Trifles light as air,

Are

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ."

He gradually augments its ideal consequence by the solicitude of *DESDEMONA*, the consciousness of *EMILIA*, the artifice of *IAGO*, and the clamours of *OTHELLO*: Though it be but a trifle, under his management it assumes a dignity, contributes to prepare the spectator for events, and to ripen occurrences whose terminations are as yet uncertain. I admire the use he has made of such a slight incident, whose very levity is its beauty. Be it also remembered, that slight events often occasion, or direct, the most weighty occurrences: that the mind often attaches itself strongly to meditation on slight events, (sometimes to the prejudice of considerable business); that those best acquainted with the workings of the mind are most ready at discerning this fact, and most free to acknowledge it; that casualties, by seeming void of design or intent, have a force in them, often superior to well-concerted schemes, and that almost all persons may have had opportunity of noticing the effects of this principle,—and we shall not hesitate in applauding the ingenuity of our Poet in suggesting it, and his dexterity in contriving to produce its full effect on the spectator; who, seeing the accident, is in full possession of the fact.

Accident again, so far as she is concerned, renders *DESDEMONA*'s expressions respecting *CASSIO* (which to an unprejudiced ear would have conveyed no ill meaning) extremely offensive to *OTHELLO*:

"Is there division 'twixt thy lord and *CASSIO*?

Desdemona. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to *CASSIO*.

Othello. Fire and brimstone!

Lodovico. 'May be, the letter mov'd him:

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing *CASSIO* in his government.

Desdemona. By my troth, I am glad on't."

No. VI. *OTHELLO*.

S

Even

Even her meekness furnishes fresh fuel to his rancour. Meekness is among the most characteristic features of *DESDEMONA*'s mind: she rises indeed above it, when charged in direct terms with her supposed offence; and protests by an asseveration which shews she feels the charge with conscious innocence, and indignation, yet in a little time she relapses to her former mildness, and compares herself to those most easily affected

" Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding"

Lately she apologized for her lord's behaviour, reflected, "men are not gods," and after "arraigning his unkindness with her soul, finds him indicted falsely:" now, her delicacy avoids expressing in offensive words the terms her lord had used,

" Am I that name *IAGO*
Such as she says, my lord did say I was?"
And, besides,—her mercy pardons her slanderer,
" If any such there be heaven pardon him."

Her integrity, her obedience, cannot prevent that kind of inexplicable presentiment which sometimes attends us: the *POET* designed to excite the *tenderness* of the spectator, *here*, that he might more forcibly impress his mind with *terror* in the catastrophe of the piece: he has therefore used all his art, made her repeat her affection to her lord, "even in his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns," then she adverts to her mortality, "If I do die before thee,"—which she mingles with tenderness,—"prithce shroud me in one of those same sheets:" then the melancholy idea of ill-requited love strongly enraps her mind; and the love-lorn song occupies all her attention.

In

In her last scene of life, that dreadful scene, still her expressions though innocent, are capable of being wrested to a vicious meaning by perverse jealousy: still she fears, without knowing wherefore; protests, but to no purpose, pleads for reprieve without success, and dies in all the strength of affection, united to meekness and forgiveness.

There is no need to analyse this scene: it seems as if here SHAKESPEARE had called up every incentive to pity, every motive to tenderness: determined to melt the most flinty heart, to subdue the most stubborn insensibility, he here shews what were the vigour of his conceptions, and what the sources of sympathy in his own breast. As he wrote this, was he not agitated by the alternate extreme of compassion and of revenge? now he wept, now he hardened his mind to obduracy by a keen sense of supposed injured honour and mis-requited love; he himself felt what he would have the spectator feel, and hence this scene possesses that kind of authority over the passions, which dissolves the soul in tenderness, and melts the eye in tears; which suspends the mind in agonizing expectation, and shakes the whole frame in convulsive terror.

The artifice of the *POET* in conducting the character of DESDEMONA, is, first to raise our *Esteem*; this he does, by giving her an universal good character, which always accompanies her; and which prompts us to wish her all happiness: then to raise our *Concern*, at the untoward accidents which occur, and which, though trivial, become serious, absolutely without her fault, and generally with her good intentions: witness her loss of the handkerchief, while employed in kindness to OTHELLO's person: also, her pleading for CASSIO, meant to benefit the public service, as well as her lord: and her confidence in IAGO, of whom she harbours no ill opinion, but intreats his services with OTHELLO, in her behalf, (Act IV. Scene II.) and hopes advantage from them. Our
concern,

concern, the *POET* exalts to *Sympathy*: to that kind of tenderness which accompanies every look, every action, every word, which fears the worst, and anticipates the dreaded issue; this sympathy, he converts to *Terror*, and harrows up the soul, by its participation of those sufferings, which it is unable to alleviate.

The chief moral of the play must no doubt be drawn from *OTHELLO: DESDEMONA* however stands as an instance, to check presumptuous and hasty judgment; to discriminate accidental semblances from actual guilt; to remind us, that even innocence may be unfortunate; that it is not inaccessible to injuries from calumny; and often, when calumniated, is less dextrous in defending itself, and has fewer resources for its defence, than many who cannot boast of equal purity. In this respect the *POET* has well supported this character: a young lady, accustomed to private life, secure in her own thoughts, not thinking ill of others, she employs no contrivances, no engines, no machinery, to develop the truth, or to discover her aspersers, but hopes the best, supposes the best, admits or fancies the best construction of circumstances, and when these hopes fail her has no resource. Secure in her innocence she trusts to that security; and if that fails her all fails her. Unhappy *DESDEMONA*!—Virtue occasioned thy misfortunes, misfortunes infinitely more honourable than the triumph of Vice, that momentary triumph! in the success of its intricate and perfidious measures. Unhappy! yet really less unhappy dying innocent, though suffering, than living guilty, though triumphant.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton pinx.

C. Taylor delin.

W. Nutter sculp.

LORD HASTINGS.

*Oh, bloody RICHARD! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee;
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon. —*

London, Publish'd Dec^r. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. VI.

LORD HASTINGS.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR, ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

SCENE THE TOWER.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, BISHOP OF ELY,
CATESBY, LOVEL, with others at a Table.

Hastings. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buckingham. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stanley. They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buckingham. Who knows the lord-protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buckingham. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:

LORD HASTINGS, you and he are near in love.

Hastings. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time:
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

No. VI. RICHARD III.

T

Enter

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Gloster. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow,
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buckingham. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord.
William LORD HASTINGS had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice—for crowning of the king.

Gloster. Than my Lord HASTINGS no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of ELY, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Gloster. Cousin of BUCKINGHAM, a word with you.
CATESBY hath sounded HASTINGS in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buckingham. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exit GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stanley. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgement is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord-protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hastings. His grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good merrow with such spirit.

I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanley. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hastings. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Gloster. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hastings. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: whoso'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Gloster. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is EDWARD's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet SHORE,
That by their withcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hastings. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Gloster. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head;—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
LOVEL, and CATESBY, look, that it be done;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exit Council, with RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hastings. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
STANLEY did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
 And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
 As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
 I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies
 To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, MARGARET, MARGARET, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor HASTINGS' wretched head.

Catesby. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
 Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hastings. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Love. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hastings. Oh, bloody RICHARD!—miserable England!
 I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
 Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head;
 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

RICHARD III. ACT III. SCENE IV.

7 MA 55

B.

N^o 7.



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor directu et sculptor.

QUEEN KATHERINE.

*Spirits of Peace
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me Garlands*

London, Publish'd Dec^r 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Gilt Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. VII.

.....

QUEEN KATHARINE.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

AMONG the most venturesome of SHAKSPEARE's Plays, in reference to the period of its first appearance, is that of *KING HENRY VIII.* whose character, seen under the most favourable aspect, has yet many blemishes attached to it, at some of which the Poet has glanced in his Play, though he has judiciously terminated his performance, before the more notorious and open violences of this *KING* took place: these it might not have been safe to have truly represented, during the reign of his daughter *ELIZABETH*; and SHAKSPEARE's muse would have scorned to falsify them, notwithstanding his respect and obligations to his royal mistress. Declining these, therefore, he preferred that earlier portion of time, which afforded him ample materials for the exhibition of pompous events, and characters, and whose happy conclusion introduced in a natural and unaffected manner a compliment on *ELIZABETH*, which she herself might behold, not only without offence, but with satisfaction. It required no little delicacy so to conduct the character of the *KING*'s first wife, that its respectability should not be injurious to the pretensions of his second, who, nevertheless, was to be esteemed as the principal character: and this delicacy was strengthened by the little time elapsed since the actual occurrence of the

No. VII. HENRY VIII.

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stories

stories represented. If the audience did not themselves behold these occurrences, they received their account of them by immediate relation from their fathers, who did behold them; and as every story admits of more than one manner of being told, might not family tradition have biassed many spectators in behalf of very different accounts of these events? Not absolutely foreign from these considerations seems to have been the opinion of BEN JOHNSON (for I conceive the Prologue and Epilogue to be certainly his) he seems to have been much more affected by the misfortunes of KATHARINE, than by the elevation of ANNE BULLEN.

“ Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it”

“ All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women,
For such a one we shew’d em :”

Virtue and Respectability, rivalled by Beauty, and not only rivalled but supplanted, is no new event in the History of Mankind: but if such Virtue throughout its varying scenes be supported by a dignified and conscious rectitude, whereby it maintains boldly its own cause, whenever called in question, and by whatever abilities opposed, strenuously asserting its claims, rather demanding justice than requesting favour, and abating nothing of its pretensions, lest such abatement should be construed into acknowledgement of guilt—if Virtue thus tenacious of the respect, and even of the state which belongs to its rank in life, modestly foregoes that rank, and calmly retires from the pomp of station to the quiet of retirement, and the oblivion of privacy, the spectacle is at once illustrious and interesting, entertaining and instructive;

we

we view the MIND preserving its superiority over events, which it cannot controul, and retaining principles, qualities, and excellencies, uninjured by adverse incidents of life, or fluctuations of fortune.

QUEEN KATHARINE's first appearance, is rendered interesting by the subject respecting which she is a suitor: Taxes, suddenly augmented, and without previous examination, and legal authority, have ever been (and justly) odious to Englishmen; the public weal admits of no such practices: and therefore, in her solicitude to remove these evils, and to obtain a grace for those who had resisted them, the QUEEN's character possesses an attraction, which distinguishes and endears her. That beside, she urges her arguments by considerations personal to the KING, and presents his own interest, and honour, as motives of his proceeding, by no means lessens our respect for her character as his wife: that she tells the truth to WOLSEY, and complains, though in the name of others, of his contrivances, and exactions, increases our esteem: for, certainly, truth was not so acceptable to the CARDINAL, as that it might expect thanks, if indeed, even in the QUEEN, it might escape risque. The QUEEN's favourable interference during the examination of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM's Surveyor, denotes a mildness, and benevolence, highly pleasing, united to a firmness, which appears in her reproof of WOLSEY,

“ My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.”

QUEEN KATHARINE, in the trial scene, is called to severer efforts: yet nothing shakes her duty to the KING, or diminishes her respect for him. She addresses WOLSEY with dignity, retorts upon him with warmth, and smartness, and protests with that vehemence to which only conscious innocence can pretend.

Thus she addresses the *KING* :

" Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;

.....

..... Alas, fir,

In what have I offended you ?

That thus you should proceed to put me off,

And take your good grace from me ? Heaven, witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

..... When was the hour,

I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking ?

.....

Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you :

.....

..... Please you, fir,

The king, your father, was reputed for

A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatch'd wit and judgement : Ferdinand

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one

The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

A year before : It is not to be question'd

That they had gathered a wise council to them

Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly

Beseech you, fir, to spare me, 'till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel

I will implore : if not, i'the name of God,

Your pleasure be fulfill'd."

" Lord

" Lord Cardinal—to you I speak.

Wolsey. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir

I am about to weep ; but thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey. Be patient yet

Queen. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me.—I make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ;—and think you not
At all a friend to truth.

It must be owned KATHARINE's address to the *KING* is very noble, and affectionate ; and her request of delay till she can receive advice and assistance from her native country, is just, and reasonable : that after being heard without redress by the *KING*, and treated with harshness by the papal delegates, she should resolve " never again to appear in their courts," is not wonderful ; nor that for a moment her patience should sink under vexation. SHAKSPEARE has carefully abated in this character that haughtiness which is commonly thrown as a reproach on natives of Spain : but has mingled an elevation of manner, and deportment, which becomes royalty, with a warmth and determination arising from circumstances ; evincing, that the natural expressions of injured virtue, freely speaking its mind, are by no means incompatible with the most dignified aspect, or the most accurate regard to the delicacies of the sex.

KATHARINE in retirement, while she exhibits the humbler virtues, yet retains her former spirit : " her soul is
sad

sad with troubles ;" she reflects when visited by the CARDINALS, "they should be good men ; but all hoods make not monks." She affirms her integrity,

" There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner

My lords, I care not, if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue ; every eye saw them,
I know my life so even"

She speaks plainly her suspicions of their hypocritical offers of services,

" Ye speak like honest men (pray God ye prove so)
Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my ruin,
Is this your christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt

She reasons strongly on her own behalf, shews she has cause, and reason, for suspicion ; and after protesting strongly that she has discharged the duties of a wife toward the KING ; laments her hard fortune, and that of her attendants in pathetic terms.

" Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities—
Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
I am the most unhappy woman living :
Alas ! poor wenches ! where are now your fortunes ?"

" Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where, no pity,
No friends, no hopes, no kindred, weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me ! like the lilly
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish"

" She little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear."

The

The closing scene of life is the touchstone of integrity: then Virtues and Vices are estimated by their intrinsic worth; counterfeit metal, then loses its supposed value; and as this test decides, approbation or reprobation may be depended on. In this Scene, KATHARINE, though she cannot forget the injuries done her by WOLSEY, yet mentions him with respect, preserves a decorum in repeating his faults, and acquiesces, without reluctance, in the favourable representation of his character by her attendant.

“ Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledst me,
That the great child of honour, CARDINAL WOLSEY,
Was dead?

Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy’d:
If well, he stepp’d before me, happily,
For my example,”

“ So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!”

Her supposed dream, is designed by the *POET* to denote the subject of her meditations, and the glories of that state on which her heart was fixed: what might be its effect at its first representation, is not, perhaps, easy to ascertain. As the whole character of this play is pompous; and as most persons of consequence in it have somewhat of processional magnificence connected, it was fit KATHARINE also should have a correspondent magnificence, but of a different kind: the decorations of balls and festivities is appropriated to WOLSEY, as that of the coronation, to ANNE BULLEN, and that of the Baptism to the birth of ELIZABETH: this of KATHARINE, very distinct from them all, is appropriate to her, and prefigures her reception into the celestial regions. Can a greater compliment be paid to any character, on any occasion?

KATHARINE

KATHARINE insists to the last, on that reverence due to her former dignity; receives the complimentary message from the *KING* with civility, if not with kindness, recommends their daughter to his affectionate care, her servants to his remembrance, and concludes, by so much attention to her person after death, as may indicate her dignity of rank, and her honour of conduct.

“ When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be used with honour : strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me ;
 Then lay me forth ; although unqueen’d, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.”

I know no harm in a certain attention even to the lifeless tenement we once occupied : fastidious philosophy has, indeed, represented it as an infirmity in the human mind ; but if this kind of philosophy were suffered to establish all its opinions, there is scarce any thing which has been deemed affectionate by mankind, which it would not prohibit : the decent rites of sepulture have in them a solemnity, and a tenderness, which the living may well bear to the dead : and though it be unworthy of wisdom and intelligence, to be extremely anxious, and over-solicitous, in regard to the casket, when it no longer contains the jewel, yet as the mind foresees with pleasure those respects which may be paid to its no longer residence, or with aversion, those offences which may be intended against it, and as this has been the general sentiment of all nations, however otherwise diversified by manners, and customs, it should seem to be implanted in our nature itself, for wise purposes, and to beneficial ends : and though it be true, that Affection or Sorrow, does not always accompany tokens of mourning, or respect, yet while such tokens are due to departed Virtue, let its “ remembrance,” in the language of KATHARINE, “ be used with honour.”

7 MA 66

B.

N^o VII.



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor sculp.

W. Viner sculp.

JULIA.

What is here writ?

London. Publish'd Jan^y 1: 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. VII.

.....
J U L I A.
.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR, ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.
.....

THE taste of mankind, in ruder ages and conditions, requires the marvellous to gratify it; in times and circumstances just emerging from rudeness, it seeks that gratification in the romantic; as knowledge spreads, and refines, the marvellous and the romantic are exchanged for the natural. By knowing the character of the time, we may guess, pretty nearly, at what will suit the popular fancy; as by knowing what has been celebrated, or fashionable, we may, with little risque, determine what was the general state and situation of the times. Historical relations leave no room to doubt the truth of these assertions, in regard to countries that have gradually advanced from ignorance to learning; and such relations are supported by all accounts of People whose present situations correspond to such stations in the scale of literary attainments. If a tale be extremely surprising, it impresses with wonder the imagination of an American Indian; if it be replete with supernatural interposition, and incredible occurrences, the Arab listens with delight, and crowns it by his applausive *Machallah!* When the light of learning beamed from amid the all-enveloping obscurity of gothic darkness, in the later ages of Europe, Inchantments and Giants, Monsters and Necromancers, were the bold fictions which offered to startled imagination. Poetic fancy adopted the loose reports of superstitious terror, or the wild images of terrified

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

X

mis-

mis-information; these, in airy flight, hovering in forms merely adumbrative, around "the Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling, received a local habitation and a name," whereby they were exalted to the honours of real existences. The productions wherein these fictions appear, will always maintain a station among the works of fancy; partly, because of their merit, arising from the genius, and contrivance, of their Authors, partly, because all judgements are crude before they are mature, and originally feeble in powers of reflection, however time and repeated correction may render them respectable. But when such extravaganzas have become somewhat familiar to the mind, and have lost their gloss of novelty, when the judgement is less dazzled by the effect of their sudden transitions, *CRITICISM* seeks correctness and verisimilitude, what may be brought to the test of experience, what mankind at large are more ordinarily conversant with, of whose principles they may form an opinion, and whose management they may appreciate, by considering its relation to circumstances actually existing around them. Not, indeed, that Poetry descends to actually existing circumstances, absolutely speaking, but it selects from them enough to preserve appearances, which it incorporates among its own modes of thought and expression, of conduct and contrivance, to which it looks, principally, for that impressive effect on the mind which is its ultimate object and its highest glory. Hence we indulge theatrical Heroes and Heroines in language more sounding than that of common speech; and we admit their situations to be more interesting, and in more rapid succession, than that of common life; if they stray not beyond the limits of probability, we behold slighter wanderings with favour; their passions we frankly suppose to be sometimes among the strongest, and their adventures among the surprising. It is true, our sentiments are but little favourable to Miss ———, or to Mrs. ———, to that Lady of our own time and know-

ledge who should assume the habit of the other sex, and seek in foreign lands the object of her desires; who, foregoing the pleasures, advantages, and comforts, of home, submits to the inconveniencies of distant travels, and the risques of accidents, far from her natural connections, and customary associates; yet as such things have been in real life, we admit such things in works of fancy, as in their proper station, just as in such Works we expect those lofty expressions, and select combinations of language, which common life occasionally, but not ordinarily, presents.

The character of JULIA is set in direct opposition to that of PROTHEUS, her lover: he while absent, is false; she while forsaken, is faithful; he forgets his vows, and banishes, as well his affection, as his token of remembrance; she cherishes his image in her mind, and recollects with pleasure every protest he had made her! The scene in which she first appears, discloses by no means an uncommon situation: the reckoning up her lovers, Sir EGLAMOUR, MERCATIO, and PROTHEUS, is not extremely foreign from ideas which the sex naturally indulge in private; neither, perhaps, is her refusing what she desires, her seeming anger against, and her destruction of, what she afterwards re-assembles, and regrets that she has destroyed. Whether we may take our ideas of the freedoms assumed by those in subordinate stations, in our Author's time, from the liberty of LUCETTA's language, I will not determine; but, as it seems pretty nearly similar, to what the same characters on the stage use in similar circumstances, in the present day, it may contribute to establish the idea, that human Nature has suffered little change from that age to this; as, perhaps, future ages may appeal to the present, in confirmation of the same remark.

The separation of the lovers, is not among the capital exertions of SHAKSPEARE; yet there is something pretty in her silent withdrawing: "a tide of tears," possesses eloquence more impressive than a tempest of words.

Protheus. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
 And when that hour o'erflips me in the day,
 Wherein I sigh not, JULIA, for thy sake,
 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
 Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
 My father stays my coming; answer not;
 The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
 That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit JULIA.]

JULIA, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

There is an elegance in JULIA's description of her sentiments respecting PROTHEUS, which, while it equals not the force and agitation wherewith similar ideas are elsewhere expressed by our poet, yet it shews the conceptions of a lively imagination, and a fertile fancy from which much may be expected; as from the graceful motions of a young courser, bounding in easy paces o'er the verdant mead, in smoothly-flowing attitudes, we may imagine his fire, his fleetness, his activity, his mettle, when roused by the rolling drum, and animated by the clangor of the trumpet, and the shouts of battle.

“ A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir PROTHEUS.”

“ The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And

And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream."

JULIA arrived at Milan, in search of PROTHEUS, is sadly grieved at discovering his baseness: but, it must be acknowledged, the taste of SHAKSPEARE's age, which wholly delighted in puns, and equivocations, has greatly hindered our sympathy in her sufferings: let the taste of his age bear the blame. After some stay at Milan, we may suppose, JULIA hires herself to PROTHEUS, as his servant, under the name of SEBASTIAN, being entertained by him chiefly for "her face, and behaviour, which witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth!" Whether this disguise would in fact be sufficient to conceal her from one formerly her lover, we must not too rigidly inquire: it is but rare that any person of either sex could assume the habit and character of the other sex, effectively; but since this disguise is necessary to the Poet, we must admit it, as contributing to the interest raised by the character, and to the continuation of the story. In the station of servant to PROTHEUS, JULIA converses with SILVIA, and obtains her picture for him; on which she thus descants,

" A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful,
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much,
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such attire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of her's:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her

Her eyes are grey as glafs : and fo are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine is high.
 What fhould it be, that he refpects in her,
 But I can make refpective in myfelf,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, fhadow, come, and take this fhadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou fenfelefs form,
 Thou fhalt be worfhipp'd, kifs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there fenfe in his idolatry,
 My fubftance fhould be ftatue in thy ftcad.
 I'll ufe thee kindly for thy miftrefs' fake,
 That us'd me fo: or elfe, by Jove I vow,
 I fhould have fcratch'd out your unfeeing eyes,
 To make my mafter out of love with thee.

JULIA follows PROTHEUS to the foreft; and is there difcovered by her fainting, and her ring; which reconciles her to PROTHEUS, and thus concludes her eventful ftory.

Julia. O good Sir, my mafter charg'd me
 To deliver a ring to madam SILVIA;
 Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Protheus. How! let me fee:

Why this is the ring I gave to JULIA.

Julia. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mifttook:
 This is the ring you fent to SILVIA.

[*Shews another ring.*]

Protheus. But how cam'ft thou by this ring? At my depart,
 I gave this unto JULIA.

Julia. And JULIA herfelf did give it me;
 And JULIA herfelf hath brought it hither.

Protheus. How! JULIA?

Julia. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
 And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
 How oft haft thou with perjury cleft the root?
 Oh PROTHEUS, let this habit make thee blufh!

Be

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

The character of JULIA, so far as it is faithful, affectionate, and benevolent, is interesting, and respectable: so far as it is venturesome, we hesitate in praising it: extraordinary circumstances may occasionally justify extraordinary adventure, but such adventure not always terminates happily. To quit our direct and customary line of procedure, is to hazard much, perhaps most, of what renders life comfortable, and desirable. A solitary individual, in a new world of acquaintance, though supported by the firmer nerves and the more determinate character of the stronger sex, is exposed to numerous inconveniencies: what shall we say then to the unattended female, though disguised, who foreseeing such inconveniencies, risks her person among utter strangers, and exposes her honour to the discoveries of accident, or the vagaries of fortune?

But the character of JULIA has in it, much to recommend it, to minds not absolutely torpid, but beginning to relish the efforts of poetic imagination: it comes nearer to the conception of such minds, than former ideas of elves and fairies, or tales of Saracen wonders: it is human Nature, and as human Nature we relish it, though it be not refined to the highest possible degree; it possesses so much of life as raises our attention, though it be so transformed, in some instances, as rather to delight those accustomed to transformations, than those who consider actual occurrences as the originals to be drawn from, and who see a more orderly course of incidents generally obtaining throughout their observation. We may imagine an auditory of our forefathers, vigorous in imagination, sympathetic through benevolence, unbiassed in their judgments, and hearty in their expressions, but not greatly enlightened

lightened by the remarks and reflections of criticism, nor greatly in the habit of comparing principles, or their application, to works of Poetic Art.—These genuine sons of Britain, not polished yet not rude, not learned yet not ignorant, not accurately informed yet not without information, these, would see in JULIA an object of pity and regard for her constancy, and of honour and respect for her heroism: these, her maiden bashfulness would delight, her separation in tears affect, her adventures in disguise interest, and her happy restoration to love and PROTHEUS felicitate; to such SHAKSPEARE wrote, with such he succeeded, for what more favourable sentiments can any author wish to excite in his auditory?

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7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor duxit et fulp.

O'THELLO.

*Yet I'll not shed her blood —
Yet she must die —*

Act V Scene 2.

London. Published Feb^y 1st 1793, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. VIII.

OTHELLO.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

TO investigate the causes of things, requires much more knowledge and circumspection than is supposed by casual observation: many principles, apparently remote, may combine in producing the same cause, and many causes may arise from seeds altogether latent in the human mind till some occurrence demonstrate their existence and develop their effects. Among the causes which contribute to formation of character, few are more notorious than parentage, climate, and profession; yet few are less capable of solution, when proposed to accurate inspection, and submitted to the critical enquiries of why? and wherefore? Whatever general rules we may propose on these subjects, a very little knowledge is necessary to remind us, that they are accompanied by many exceptions. In respect of parentage, families differ greatly from each other, though descendants from the same stock; and individuals no less differ, though of the same family. In respect of climate, no line can be drawn, which may circumscribe the prevalence of certain passions, or be assigned as the residence, or the dominion, of such or such natural propensities: for, not only within those limits may numerous exceptions be discovered, but also beyond them may those very inclinations contribute greatly to characterize nations and communities.

OTHELLO.

Y

In

In respect of professions, though they assist much in formation of character, yet natural disposition often overcomes their bias, and either prevails against their peculiarities, or so mingles itself among them, as greatly to alter, and to moderate, their influence. These exceptions must be acknowledged: nevertheless, general ideas may be formed, and general principles may be adopted, in reference to the powers of profession, and country, and birth, in determining the characters of individuals. But it may happen that these meeting in the same subject, correct each other. Family dispositions may be greatly modified by personal profession; or personal profession may correct the general vices of a country, or the hereditary vices of a family. A disposition naturally hot and fiery, may become moderate and cautious, if the studies of the person in whom it is inherent be directed to deliberate investigation of truth, or wary detection of error. The hazards of Physic, or the intricacies of Law, may teach circumspection to the most sanguine: whereas that very person, if educated in the field of Mars, accustomed to the impetuous charge of war, and to encourage the boisterous and furious passions, sallies, and energies, of the mind and body, would be altered by such circumstances to so great a degree as perhaps hardly to be recognizable as the same man. The cool and the circumspect may be placed in situations to extricate himself from which, may require exertions little short of rashness; and whence, if continued, may arise a temper, and habit, more violent than natural disposition might have indicated: but if, on the other hand, natural disposition itself be violent, and perpetually placed where exertions little short of rashness are requisite, who can estimate to what height of passions such a character so situated may be impelled!

Passions naturally vehement are rarely vehement toward one object only: with violence similar in kind, if not equal in

In degree, they profess the sympathy of friendship, or proclaim the aversion of dislike; they are strenuous as assistants, or determined as opponents; they praise beyond merit, or they decry in hyperbole: in love they are ardent, in hatred they are excessive; such passions also, are in extremes, when converted from like to dislike, when changed from enmity to friendship, or from friendship to enmity; incapable of neutrality, from one extreme to its contrary, is but a single step, and if once their fervour begin to cool, they are in danger of suffering the excessive frigidity of intemperate frost.—

And to this contrariety of sentiment they are more exposed than the sedate passions: to the arts of disguise and misrepresentation, they furnish opportunities of which craft fails not to take advantage, and by which it misleads them; they too eagerly believe the suggestions of artful insinuation, nor perceive, till too late, the necessity that caution should restrain even frankness itself from being too frank, and security from being too secure.

If then we imagine a person native of a warm climate, whose natural passions are fervent, whose education, far from restraining those passions, has encouraged and prompted them, whose adventurous life has required, repeatedly, the exertion of every power of mind and body, who has been used to vanquish obstacles by force, not by address; a person who when called to love, loved with ardour, nor heeded the risque to which unpermitted love exposed him; who has lately entered into the tenderest connection, and has centered his very soul on the object of his affection; if we imagine such a person, we have partly formed the Idea we ought to entertain of the character of OTHELLO. For,

If we may judge of the education of OTHELLO from the circumstance of his mother's superstitious regard to the handkerchief "she dying gave to him; and bid him when his fate would have him wive, to give to her," and from his

unhesitating dependance on sentiments so evidently the offspring of ignorance, we shall find little cause to think the precepts he received in his youth were calculated effectively to correct the eager temper of his mind. If we advert also to his early entrance on a military life, "since his arms had seven years pith," "the battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed, even from his *boyish* days; his disastrous chances, moving accidents, hair-breadth 'scapes; his slavery, and the distressful strokes that his *youth* suffered," we shall discover in such a train of adventure little leisure for study, or reflection, little opportunity for acquaintance with the recesses of the human heart, and the springs which set in motion human passions. Of these he could only judge, as his eye glanced on them in others engaged in the same arduous enterprizes and occupations as himself: himself a soldier, open, honest, and free, whence should he distrust a brother soldier, or suspect of treachery, dissimulation, and fraud, a military man, whose "honour is the jewel of his soul?" we must add then the power of professional prepossession, as a soldier may be prepossessed, to the natural bias of his mind, unrestrained by the lessons of education; and we advance nearer to the conception of his character—thus he describes himself,—

" Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace:
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd,
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle."

Moreover we must not omit the general ideas entertained respecting natives of Mauritania (for to this I refer his appellation of Moor, not to his being a real *Negro*) for there seems great probability, that SHAKSPEARE chose to represent him as native of a sultry clime, with intent to account for those exuberances

exuberances of passion he indulges; had he chosen for his country a northerly and polished state in Europe, where the laws provide against the excesses of individuals, and where the blood less boils, and is less apt to impel passion to extravagance, he would in part have left the spectator in hesitation, if not at a loss, to account for the violence of OTHELLO. Whereas by referring to Africa as his birth-place, the ideas of rude barbarity were likely to strike the spectator's mind, and thereby, to prepare him in some degree, for succeeding events. Nor was OTHELLO's family newly settled there; for he tells us, "he fetches life and being from men of royal siege," which implies that his ancestors had long been habituated to the full force of their country's climate,

Let us therefore consider this character, as designed by the *POET* to correspond with principles now adopted: many remarks in support of these principles are so obvious, that the most casual reader or spectator must discover them; a repetition of these may in part be dispensed with; others are such deep workings of the heart, as demonstrate the Poet's intimate acquaintance with the finer and more subtle sentiments of the mind; these, however they may be felt by Discernment and Taste, are scarce capable of succinct explanation, and exposure.

If we divide our Remarks on the character of OTHELLO into (1) those relating to the general tenor of his sentiments, (2) to the style of language in which those sentiments are conveyed, and (3) to the behaviour which results from his sentiments, and arising from the various situations wherein the *POET* places him, we shall find ample reason to admire the masterly conduct, the powerful imagination, and the apt contrivance of our immortal bard.

His sentiments are perfectly coincident with what might be expected from a mind cast in no common mold: he is
conscious

conscious of his own merits, and supposes others to be conscious of them also: Persuaded of this, he notices his "descent from men of royal siege," but trusts to "the services he had done the seignory;" he regards "boasting as no honour," yet affirms, "his demerits may speak unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune as this that he has reach'd,"

"My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly."

"Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes and chose me : . . ."

In strict conformity to this principle, is the whole of his apology before the senate.

Nay, though he owns his love, he affirms his superiority over its pleasures, when in any degree contrary to his duty,

"Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: no when light wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness
My speculative, and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm;
And all indign, and base adversities,
Make head against my estimation."

His sense of his own courage also, appears in various places

"Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter".

". If once I stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke

His sentiments on friendship are noble:

"Thou dost conspire against thy friend IAGO,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts."

His

His sentiments on love appear throughout every scene, to be at once noble but violent, deep but impetuous: and from their clashing with sentiments of honour, arise those alternate counter-balancings of cruelty and remorse, of affection and jealousy, whose struggles rend his very soul in agony.

There is in great minds, usually, a desire of repute even after they have ceased to be in a capacity to enjoy it. The desire of posthumous fame is feeble (though perhaps a vanity somewhat like it does exist) in lower minds; but in those whose lives have been spent in endeavoring to become famous, whose thoughts and studies, whose actions and exploits, have ever had this in view, there is usually a strong solicitude that even after death their memory may be cherished, and survivors may consider them as subjects of praise, though praise then be utterly useless. So OTHELLO concludes his life by hinting at the services he had done the state, but declining to enlarge on them, he adverts to the present melancholy scene, and to its relation by the beholders,

“ I pray you in your letters

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
 Richer then all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum.

But beside these general sentiments, it deserves our notice that OTHELLO esteems himself to be utterly unsuspicious, and “not easily jealous,” surely in this respect, his judgment may be doubted. Though the snare laid for him by

IAGO

IAGO is, it must be confessed, almost inevitable, yet is he not altogether free from blame, in paying so much attention to his seemingly casual remarks, and receiving their full effect with so little hesitation. The Soliloquy of OTHELLO after his information from IAGO, is by no means a just and equitable reasoning on the probability of DESDEMONA's innocence, or guilt; but a commendation of IAGO, and a string of resolutions what he would do—not if he found her clear—but—supposing her polluted.—Neither does it appear from any following scenes, that he had acquired the necessary impartiality of spirit, whereby to determine fairly on existent circumstances: he suspects CASSIO, he suspects DESDEMONA; he suspects EMILIA; but unhappily for himself, he suspects not (effectively) IAGO: he ruminates, it is true, but evidently on the side of falsity; he assaults IAGO, but in such a manner as demonstrates the unfortunate bias of his sentiments; and thus biaffed he continues. This fervid reception of a leading idea, this unwary and inconsiderate permission of delusion to occupy his breast, seems in perfect conformity to what might be expected from his former course of life as a soldier, and the natural passions of his country as a Moor.

The vigour of his expressions correspond to the vigour of his mind, and partake also of its excess—witness the following,

Othello. “O my fair warrior

Desdemona. My dear OTHELLO

Othello. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me; O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high! and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven:”

Thus

Thus he addresses IAGO, when he half suspects him,

"Villain be sure thou prove my love a whore—

Be sure of it

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,

Than answer my wak'd wrath."

"If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add

Greater than that"

Thus he laments his supposed injury,

"Had it pleas'd heaven,

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores, and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience."

"But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in—turn thy complexion there

Patience thou young and rose-lip'd cherubim,

Ay, there look grim as hell."

Numerous other quotations might be adduced in proof of the remarkable energy which appears in the expressions and style of this impassioned Moor; all bespeaking a noble but uninformed mind: throughout the character appears no tincture of literature, no allusion to the Classics, or to modern polite studies, so frequent in most of Shakspear's Characters,

whatever is superior to vulgar modes of speech, is the result of simple nature, powerfully feeling the ideas expressed by the words: all is from himself, nothing from Art. He seems not aware of this eloquence, represents himself "as rude in speech, and without those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have;" thus again he mis-esteems himself, and knows not his own character; for the very scenes wherein he thus judges, are decisive proofs to the contrary, and among the most select instances of oratory.

With respect to his general behaviour, the warmth of his temper, even to excess, appears on all occasions; and but too often excites such transports as debase the dignity of his station. Good manners and politeness, to a certain degree, are usually attributed to the profession of arms; though camps are not courts, they maintain the importance of personal respect, no less strongly; they prohibit rudeness no less positively; they are supposed to promote, at least, the externals of a gentleman; and in an officer, and a general, we expect to see, beside the professional knowledge of a military man, the deportment of honour and quality. But his seizure of IAGO, his vow to heaven before he ought to have been satisfy'd of DESDEMONA's guilt, his exclamations respecting the handkerchief, his falling into a trance, his repulse of DESDEMONA, his gross charge of her as guilty, are so many violences of temper, bursting out in fierce blazes, without justifiable cause; they are the loose sallies of a mind, uncontrolled by habits of reflection; uncultivated by education; unaccustomed to accurate examination of sentiments, and circumstances; and above all, unaccustomed to habits of self-government, and self-possession.

IAGO well expresses it,

"As he shall smile, OTHELLO shall go mad;
And his *unbookish* jealousy, must construe
Poor CASSIO's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong"

The

The demeanour of OTHELLO in particular scenes, is extremely masterly; it is, at first, unconstrained and easy, nothing can be more promising than his sentiments and conduct when before the Senate, when commissioned to Cyprus, and when his expectation of war changes to the prospect of peace: the force of habit too appears in his attention to military duty; he is correct as a soldier, cautious and vigilant as a governor, however he may be surprised as a man:

“Good MICHAEL, look you to the guard to night;

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,

Not to out sport discretion”.

The same he is his address to his officers respectively, after the tumult; he speaks to them each separately, and in the most likely manner to acquire the truth; he sifts, as it were, the circumstances well; and from his care in this respect, one should little expect to see him at no great interval blind to truths still more important to himself, and credulous beyond mere ordinary understandings. Moreover, the *POET*'s art takes occasion from occurrences which were altogether in his favour, to raise, or to confirm, those doubts which becloud his understanding; to turn to his prejudice those very events which he could not but esteem his good fortune,

IAGO. “She did deceive her father marrying you,

And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,

She lov'd them most.”

“She that so young could give out such a seeming

To feel her father's eyes up close as oak,

He thought 'twas witchcraft,” &c.

We have noted his behaviour to *DESDEMONA* respecting the handkerchief; what shall we say to his further behaviour respecting it, when the gallant and brave OTHELLO, OTHELLO the governor of Cyprus, listens to the conversation of *CASSIO* and *IAGO*? the all-engrossing passions of the Moor, must plead on his behalf, for had he been free from the domineering influence of such passions, what had been his opinion of such conduct?

His wavering in resolution afterwards, is very well expressed: and the fresh fire which bursts out on occasion of *DESDEMONA*'s respectful mention of *CASSIO*, is highly natural. In the last scene, his behaviour is full of the most capital instances of tenderness to his wife, and horror at her murder, combined, or rather contrasted, with a keen sensibility of injured honour, which leads him to warp the expressions of *DESDEMONA* to senses of which they are but barely capable, and which he would never have imagined, had not his own mind been previously abused by obstinate prejudice. His reflections on her beauty, on the impossibility of her revival when once killed, his kissing her in her sleep, his asking whether she had prayed to night, and his abhorrence of killing her unprepared spirit,

“No, Heaven forefend, I would not kill thy soul,” are finely imagined, as is his uniting his “Amen, with all my heart!” more than once, to her exclamations, and the climax of expression, rising to the instant of her death, crowns the whole with the most tragic terror. His perplexity after the murder, his guilt, and its horrors, with the gradual, but circumstantial, explanation of the plot, to his conviction, are so many extremely interesting incidents whose beauties there is no need to particularize, or to investigate individually. *OTHELLO*'s concluding speech is highly characteristic; and his suicide no more than might be expected, from such a mind, so agitated and so despondent.

Are then the noblest minds thus open to the inroads of suspicion? Suspicion rarely arises from themselves; but if their confidence be abused, and they become the prey of jealousy, they are not more secure than others from directing their suspicions unjustly: and certainly they are not a little exposed to the excess of those sentiments, and the acuteness of those sufferings, of which dull minds have scarce any conception. Extremes are unfavorable to the enjoyments of life, for very rarely

rarely are they permanent: and who will desire that friendship, which though warm, may speedily be blasted by misrepresentation; or that good opinion, which though strongly professed, may by villainous insinuation be perverted to distrust and to hatred?

The character of OTHELLO teaches us caution, and even solicitude, that we be not deceived by appearances; that we suffer not our minds to receive forcible impressions without deliberate consideration, and the more deliberate in proportion to the importance of the subject they respect; it teaches to abate those mental violences which are so liable to be deceived, and whose deceptions are so fatal; while at the same time, it shews how the noblest minds may be overcome by delusion of villainy, and to what lengths they may be hurried, when urged by remorseless malice assuming the guise of friendship. The lesson against jealousy is too obvious to be overlooked; and since by trifling causes the finer springs of the finer passions may be disordered, it teaches also the necessity of superintending them with the most generous watchfulness.

Persons who possess violent passions, will often have been conscious of their prevalence, will often have felt them bursting out on various occasions, before they can be placed in such situations as we have seen OTHELLO: if they have been attentive to diminish their too powerful impulse, to correct and abate their stimulus, in smaller matters, they will reap the advantages, if called to more important occasions; but if they have cherished propensities already but too overbearing, what must be expected from their unrestrainable vehemence when irritated by motives, and embarrassed by circumstances, which might perplex the most considerate! It is then very important that we cultivate an acquaintance with ourselves; that we attend to the operations of those passions which call loudest for indulgence; that by well regulating our imagination, our fancy, our desires, we keep them in due subordination,

nation to the dictates of wisdom. It is very important that we carefully distinguish the characters of those with whom we are conversant, that we discriminate between glowing professions of attachment which may be merely insidious, and that uniform behaviour and conduct which requiring no professions is seldom forward to make them. Above all is prudence necessary in regard to our most intimate connections, and to the temper of mind with which we enjoy them; lest transports of bliss, and raptures of extasy, be degraded into tortures of anguish, and paroxysms of misery, and terminated by utter despondence; like those of the brave, the noble, the generous, but also, the credulous, the precipitate, and the miserable, OTHELLO.

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B.

N^o VIII



ANNE BULLEN.

*I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born
Than — wear a golden Sorrow.*

Act II. Scene 3.

London, Publish'd Feb. 1st 1793 by C. Taylor. N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,

PLATE II. No. VIII.

ANNE BULLEN.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

SCENE *An Anti-Chamber of the QUEEN's Apartments.*

ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.

Anne. Not for that neither ;—here's the pang that pinches ;
His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp—the which
To leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old Lady. Alas, poor lady !
She's stranger now again.

Anne

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her: Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old Lady. Our content,
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old Lady. Yes, troth and troth.—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old Lady. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it; but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in troth.

Old Lady. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith for little England,
You'd venture an emballing

HENRY VIII. ACT II. SCENE III.

H. Singleton pinx^t

C. Taylor del. et sculp. sit

CASSIO.

*this is my ancient — this is my right hand
this is my left hand: — I am not drunk.*

Act II. Scene 3.

London. Published March 12 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. IX.

CASSIO.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

SHOULD a person be described as "well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable, and useful, but not enough to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors" (for so Mr. TYR-WHITT describes CASSIO) one might rationally conclude such a character to be respectable: and if to these qualities we add honour and fidelity, that his friend and general esteems him trust worthy, and confidential, that his enemy allows him to possess a cultivated understanding, and theoretic, if not experimental, knowledge in his profession—which he is far from obtruding to public notice, but possesses with much modesty,—respect for him rises considerably: superficial observation might be tempted to conclude such a character complete: and to suppose, that few, if any deficiencies allowed room for improvement; but SHAKSPEARE knew, that certain virtues are not inconsistent with certain failings. The imperfection attendant on the good qualities of CASSIO, is his inability to say, "NO!" He knows sufficiently well to what he is subject, when engaged in irregularities; and his better powers of reason remonstrate, though ineffectually, against deviation from strict accuracy of conduct: he is not naturally addicted to Vice; but he suffers

No. IX. OTHELLO. A a fers

fers it, he hesitates, then endures it, till enthralled by its tyranny, he sustains injuries beyond remedy. He does not rush into vice voluntarily (*ex mero motu*) but cannot resist solicitation: alone, he meditates no evil, but in company is too easily misled: this is a character frequently met with in the world; whoever has seen much of mankind, has seen many who might stand as counterparts to CASSIO; many who never originated harm themselves, but yielded to suggestions from others; many whom one false step has degraded below others really much worse than themselves, and whose deficiency in FORTITUDE has rendered useless the possession of very amiable and excellent virtues.

Fortitude of mind is not merely a quality to be used on great occasions, when the fate of Empires and Kingdoms, of Armies and Communities, is at stake; not merely to be exerted after the loss (or the gain) of a Battle, after the ruin consequent on an Earthquake, or a Conflagration, or a Shipwreck; these occurrences demand its noblest exertions, and herein it shines with superior splendor: but the most useful station of this Virtue is, in the humbler walks of life, in the common occurrences, the casual events, which accompany every day:—those lesser circumstances, the familiarity of whose perpetual return almost deprives them of notice. Every man cannot be a King, or a General; but every man may be called to exercise the same kind of talent in his own private concerns, as Kings or as Generals may exercise in public matters. Though the object it respect be small, the sentiment of his mind may ennoble it: though it be neither unfrequent nor extraordinary, the principle is no less laudable, or beneficial. Also, when we reflect, that for once that this virtue is required of a ruler, at least an hundred occasions demanding it rise in common life, we are well assured of its importance to every individual, and in every station.

May

May it not be deemed an exception against the usual course of education, that this kind of daily fortitude is not sufficiently instilled into youthful minds; that adequate stress is not laid on the very necessary Art of Denial, nor care taken to separate the harshness from the action, and to enforce on this subject the *suaviter in modo* together with the *fortiter in re*? It has been said of some men, "they made enemies even in conferring favours; while others made friends, while denying requests." Churlishness is not fortitude; neither is severity, or obstinacy. Perseverance and firmness, decision and vigour, promptitude and frankness (principles of this Virtue) exclude not kindness and liberality, or mildness and benevolence, or dexterity and address.

The Character of CASSIO, is thus opened by IAGO; in defamatory conversation with his deluded associate RODERIGO:

"One MICHAEL CASSIO, a Florentine:

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair life,

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster: unless the bookish theoric:"

notwithstanding which invidious insinuations, when IAGO is alone, he acknowledges other sentiments,

"For I fear CASSIO with my night-cap too:"

nor is any part of CASSIO's behaviour tinged with cowardice, or ignorance of the duties of his station; so that DESDEMONA does him but justice when intreating for him to her Lord

" Come, come,

You'll never meet a more sufficient man."

It appears by the story that CASSIO had been entrusted by OTHELLO with the secret of his courtship: and "came a wooing with him, and many a time and oft had ta'en his

part;" that he should therefore, at this period, possess a considerable share of the General's confidence, and stand high in his esteem, is but natural. Had he less deserved that confidence and esteem, he had been less an object of IAGO's envy.

CASSIO possesses a handsome person, and pleasing address; thus IAGO describes him,

"CASSIO's a proper man:

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false . . .

but of these advantages he is far from making that use (rather abuse) which IAGO insinuate to himself ("That CASSIO loves her (DESDEMONA) I do well believe it:") as well as to OTHELLO: on the contrary, when incited by IAGO (though very covertly) his integrity preserves him honorably ignorant of the meaning of the seducer's hints. Nor does it appear by the reproaches of BIANCA, that he suffers an unworthy connexion with her to domineer absolutely over his conduct, though his far-too-little share of resolution, suffers its continuance.

Bianca. I was going to your lodging CASSIO;

What keep a week away! seven days and nights!

.

O weary reckoning!

Cassio. I do attend here on the General:

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd."

We see then, in several instances, the unhappy imperfections of CASSIO's fortitude: *first* in respect to his mistress BIANCA: an intimacy which his heart acknowledges as unfit to be avowed, which he despises when IAGO challenges him respecting reports of his marriage to her, which he owns rendered him ridiculous "when in company with certain Venetians," which perplexes him by "haunting him;" yet which he maintains in spite of his consciousness;—unable

to

to exert sufficient strength to escape—not from the bondage of iron fetters—but from the captivity of the spider's web.

The *second*, and eventually the most important, instance of CASSIO's failure in fortitude, appears in his yielding to the temptation of IAGO to indulge in drink. This scene is capital throughout: the refusal of CASSIO to the first proposal, his sensibility of his own weakness, his former craft "in qualifying his cup," and his ultimate assent—"I'll do't—but it dislikes me," are all extremely natural:—as also, that having trespassed on the rules of temperance, he should proceed to further excess, and again indulge, "To the health of our General." But perhaps nothing in this Drama, or in all SHAKSPEARE, is more natural, than that CASSIO when drunk should intrude discourse on subjects from which sober Reason shrinks, conscious of their being far beyond her ken. Of the final appointments of Providence, and the ultimate disposal of "souls," no man in his senses ever supposed himself adequate to the determination: no man in his senses ever dreamed of rank and quality as on this occasion bestowing pre-eminence; but indeed it is very remarkable, this propensity to meddle with subjects certainly not of their level, is but too frequent among those whose weakness it is to be vanquished by liquor: combined with this propensity, the idea of the soldier, though drunk, retaining sentiments of place and priority, is among our POET's most happy touches: as also his half-consciousness half self-condemnation, preserved amid his intoxication, "I hold him unworthy of his place, who does these things." Such is the force of habit: such the struggling alternation of Vice and Conscience, in minds not totally depraved, though occasionally overcome: and such the POET's intimate acquaintance with the human mind.

That CASSIO when drunk should be quarrelsome, that in his broil he should neither distinguish friend or foe, but fight against his late companion MONTANO as readily as against
the

the impertinent RODERIGO, is but too correct a picture of such situations: whether it be equally correct, that "the devil drunkenness, should give place to the devil wrath," may be doubted. CASSIO's reflections on his drunkenness are, perhaps, too good to be so suddenly expressed. His scheme for restoration to his office, by means of DESDEMONA, is extremely plausible, and should seem certain of success.

Whether we may not reckon as a *third* instance of deficient fortitude in CASSIO, his sudden retiring from DESDEMONA when OTHELLO visits her, I will not determine. It seems, however, to be in strict conformity to the general principles of his mind; and we may, at least, be suffered to say, that had he sustained at this time in private the weight of the General's reprimand and displeasure, he had perhaps softened his severity against succeeding interviews.

The POET has contrived with admirable address, that CASSIO should be assaulted, and wounded, while returning from the house of BIANCA; and at no great distance from it: it serves at once as a pretence to IAGO to transfer his guilt to BIANCA, and to encrease his hypocrisy, by artful reflections "this is the fruit of whoring;" beside which, the very narrow escape of CASSIO with his life, and his actual suffering, are certainly calculated to stimulate his most vigilant resolution against future occurrences of the same kind from the same cause.

CASSIO's explanation of circumstances before OTHELLO is well conducted; and his concluding sentiment, as respectful to his friend, is conformable to his general manners. Far from reflecting on OTHELLO as deserving of death, he regrets his suicide,

"This did I fear—but thought he had no weapon,—

For he was great of heart."

We are not therefore disposed to arraign the choice of the Senate in their deputing CASSIO to succeed OTHELLO, as governor;

governor; nor do we with reluctance hear that "CASSIO rules in Cyprus;" for after such severe chastisement, in punishment of inebriety, we may well presume as the future governor he will be more wary, and as the future man more circumspect. HE will be extremely cautious of drunkenness again, who when last in that condition was tempted to sudden wrath,—to wrath equally vented on friend and foe; whose misconduct was punished by the loss of his place and office, by the necessity of humble solicitation to be restored, and by conscious guilt, which forbade him from looking his superior in the face; whose indiscretion contributed to promote the purposes of villainy, and rendered him a useful tool in the hand of diabolical iniquity;—of villainy, which fathered upon him designs he never imagined, and thereby deprived those he loved of peace, of happiness, and of life: the man thus punished for drunkenness, must be inexcusable, if again his weakness vanquish him, even had he not had that narrow escape for his life, which so lately happened to CASSIO.

In another of his plays SHAKSPEARE has the exclamation, "is it possible he should know what he is, and be what he is?" We learn from the character of CASSIO that a good deal of self-knowledge (which is a proof of mental strength) may consist with much wavering resolution (which denotes mental weakness)—we learn also, that what a man is excited to in contradiction to the free feelings of his mind, is not likely to be advantageous or fortunate: that excess renders injurious enjoyments which in moderation are innocent; and that, however it may be comparatively easy to maintain a good character,—to regain it when lost, or to re-establish it when impaired, is extremely difficult. But chiefly, we learn the necessity of that steady FORTITUDE of mind, and close adherence to principles, which experience has proved to be salutary: of that determinate attachment to what is in itself
right,

right, and becoming (may we not also say of that inflexibility toward what is hazardous?) which like an anchor to the mind; preserves it against the turbulence of tempest, and the dangers of sands and rocks. Good-Nature is an amiable quality; but dangerous when indulged at the expence of rectitude. Sociality is congenial to a liberal mind; convivial intercourse and jocular mirth have their time and place; yet are these good qualities injurious unless controuled by strict attention to propriety, and regulated by accurate obedience to the duties of Character and Station,

“ What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people’s hearts brimfull of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court of guard and safety!
 ’Tis monstrous.”

Such are the reflections and the sentiments of OTHELLO, on the behaviour of CASSIO; well had it been for CASSIO had his conduct been in unison with such sentiments.

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7 MA 55



SILVIA.

For me, — by this pale Queen of night I swear

Act IV. Scene II.

London, Publish'd March 1. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. IX.

.....

S I L V I A.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

.....

SCENE under SILVIA's Apartment in MILAN.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Protheus. Already have I been false to VALENTINE;
And now I must be as unjust to THURIO.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But SILVIA is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with JULIA whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes THURIO: now we must to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and MUSICIANS.

Thurio. How now, sir PROTHEUS? are you crept before us?

Protheus. Ay, gentle THURIO; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. B b *Thurio.*

Thurio. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Protheus. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thurio. Whom? *SILVIA*?

Protheus. Ay, *SILVIA*,—for your sake.

Thurio. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOSTESS, at a Distance, and JULIA in boy's cloaths.

S O N G.

What is *SILVIA*? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *SILVIA* let us sing,
That *SILVIA* is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hostess. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Julia. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Hostess. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Julia. Ay; that change is the spite.

Hostess. You would always have them play but one thing.

Julia. I would always have one play but one thing,
But *HOST* does this sir *PROTHEUS*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host.

Hoftefs. I tell you what LAUNCE, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

SILVIA appears above at her Window.

Protheus. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Silvia. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

Protheus. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Silvia. Sir PROTHEUS, as I take it.

Protheus. Sir PROTHEUS, gentle lady, and your servant.

Silvia. What is your will?

Protheus. That I may compass yours.

Silvia. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

Thou hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night, I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Protheus. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady:

But she is dead.

Julia (aside.) 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Silvia. Say, that she be; yet VALENTINE, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Protheus. I likewise hear, that VALENTINE is dead:

Silvia.

Silvia. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,

Affure thyself, my love is buried.

Protheus. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Silvia. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence.

Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Julia (aside) He heard not that.

Protheus. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Julia (aside.) If 'twere a substance, you would sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Silvia. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it,

And so, good rest.

Protheus. As wretches have o'er-night,

That wait for execution in the morn.

Exeunt PROTHEUS and SILVIA.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. ACT IV. SCENE II.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor excudit.

QUEEN MARGARET.

*Live each of You the subject of his hate;
And he to yours, and all of You to God's!*

London. Publish'd April 1, 1793, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. X.

QUEEN MARGARET.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

SCENE. THE PALACE.

The QUEEN, GLOCESTER, HASTINGS, DORSET, &c.

QUEEN MARGARET advancing.

HEAR me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glocester. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Queen Margaret. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

Glocester. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty RUTLAND;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hastings. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

No. X. RICHARD III.

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Rivers.

Rivers. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buckingham. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Queen Margaret. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

EDWARD, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For EDWARD, my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;

And see another, as I see the now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

RIVERS,—and DORSET,—you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, lord HASTINGS,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glocester. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Queen Margaret. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glocester, MARGARET.

Queen Margaret.———RICHARD !

Glocester, Ha ?

Queen Margaret. I call thee not.

Glocester. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Queen Margaret. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glocester. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—MARGARET.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Queen Margaret. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-backed toad.

Hastings. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse ;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Queen Margaret. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd
mine.

Dorset. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Queen Margaret. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert ;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glocester.

Glocester. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis,
Dorset. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glocester. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
 Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Queen Margaret. And turns the sun to shade;—alas!—alas!—
 Witnes my sun, now in the shade of death;
 O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
 As it was won with blood, lost be it so;

Buckingham. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Queen Margaret. O princely BUCKINGHAM, I'll kiss thy hand,
 In sign of league and amity with thee:
 Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buckingham. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Queen Margaret. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
 O, BUCKINGHAM, beware of yonder dog;
 Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
 Have not to do with him, beware of him;
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him;
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glocester. What doth she say, my lord of BUCKINGHAM?

Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Queen Margaret. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
 counsel,

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor MARGARET was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.]

KING RICHARD III. ACT I. SCENE III.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor excudit

W. Nutter sculp.

PROTHEUS.

my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Act II. Scene IV.

London. Published April 1, 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. X.

PROTHEUS.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR, ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

IF the character of VALENTINE, which the *POET* intended to be principal in this performance, afforded little opportunity of investigating the principles, the latent principles, of the human mind, we are naturally forbid from expecting in the character of PROTHEUS much to excite our admiration of the author's talent in developing such principles; those concealed, but active, sentiments, which govern the behaviour and conduct of men.

A false friend is but too common a character among mankind; though all mankind unite in condemning it. An open and generous enemy is entitled to praise, and usually is praised, for his frankness and decision. Though we may regard his enmity as ill founded, and determine against him in respect of justice and rectitude, yet we cannot accuse him, also, of violating the confidence we had reposed in him, or of returning ingratitude for any favours we might have done him: whereas, nothing is more grating to liberal minds, than to receive injury from that quarter on which they had conferred benefit; or to suffer the contumelious indignities in the power of those before whom their hearts had been open, and their expressions unrestrained. Injuries, though respecting objects of little moment, if received from one we regard as our friend, occa-

No. X. TWO GENT, VERONA.

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sion severer sorrows than greater evils from casual misfortune: we contrast with such actual misbehaviour, what ought to have been the conduct to which we were entitled, and we dwell on every principle of kindness, of integrity, of benevolence, of gratitude, which ought to have united their influence; and whose contrariety to the vices we condemn on such occasions, encreases our abhorrence of the ingratitude, malevolence, villainy, unkindness, which our provoked imagination heightens in folly and turpitude. But if the object respecting which we are injured, be of magnitude, if it be necessary to our welfare, or important to our peace, if it be intimately connected with the prospect of our lives, and if on that depends whether our future days shall be cheerfulness or gloom, felicity or wretchedness, if it be closely entwined with the fibres of the heart, and if life deprived of that be deprived of all its values, neither expressions nor actions can adequately explain the pungency of that anguish such false friendship occasions.

By those who have studied human life, it has been noted, that sometimes circumstances by their perplexing intricacy, by their ultimate effects, very different from their original design, or by unusual combination of untoward aspects, may cool the warmest partiality, and suspend the closest friendship: they may create suspicion; and if suspicion becloud the mind, it will but too often credit rashly, and suppose it actually feels the power of, what in reality has no existence. Friendship thus injured, by adventitious evils, may perhaps be blamed, but certainly must be pitied; whereas in the case of VALENTINE and PROTHEUS, we discern no cause for the baseness of the latter, but a sudden, ill-judged, ill-placed, start of supposed affection, which at once whirls the fickle lover's attachment from his former mistress, toward a new object. Forgetting his late protestations and vows, he forgets also JULIA; and abandoning his late friendship for VALENTINE,

he

he also abandons honour and integrity: he now plots the ruin, and contrives the banishment, of the man whom lately he esteemed his friend, and who had given him no provocation to warrant such conduct. VALENTINE had not calumniated him, but praised him to the DUKE; had not suspected his integrity, but introduced him to SILVIA; had not questioned his fidelity, but entrusted him with his secret: honour and confidence should have kept, or rendered, him confidential and honorable. At any rate, he should have refrained from perverting that affection which he knew to be mutual; and violating those engagements which he knew to be contracted.

That PROTHEUS who betrayed VALENTINE should also betray THURIO, and deceive the DUKE, when employed by them is not wonderful; neither is it, that he should afterwards attempt to procure from SILVIA by force, what he could not procure by favour: the mind which is capable of the former ingratitude, would little hesitate at the latter violence. He who deliberately cancels the obligations of honour, or bursts the bonds of affection, may easily be conceived of as prompt to gratify the impulse of sensual passion, however forbidden by decency and virtue. The POET therefore has done well to shew to what extremes desertion of just principles may lead, and to exhibit the prevalence, even to crime, and villainy, of that base disposition, which could neither be controuled by justice, nor restrained by esteem. Whoever disobeys the laws of rectitude to-day, may to-morrow be the slave of the basest malevolence of mind, and depravity of heart.

We are not to look for any great reach of thought, or vigour of expression in the character of PROTHEUS: from his conversation with VALENTINE at first, we might perhaps expect more sprightliness than we afterwards find: certainly, his dialogue with SPEED the servant of VALENTINE, is little entitled to the praise of wit; though perhaps as good as any dialogue with similar characters throughout the piece.

His reflections on being sent away by his father, are little striking; his conversation in private with VALENTINE, at the DUKE's court, wherein he learns the situation of his friend, and his following soliloquy, shew somewhat of poetic fire, and have their merit,

“ Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or VALENTINO's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She's fair; and so is JULIA, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to VALENTINE is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont :
O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light :
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.”

In the continuation of the story PROTHEUS pretends to the DUKE, that

“ . . . Duty pricks him on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from him.”
at the same time informing him, that SILVIA hated THURIO,
and by revealing VALENTINE's contrivance, enables him to
confound

confound it. Afterwards, he pretends to VALENTINE great concern for his banishment, and offers his confidential assistance, the more determinately to betray him. In the course of this scene occur some of the prettiest lines in the piece.

Valentine. "Doth SILVIA know that I am banished?"

Protheus. "Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire."

"Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."

With little persuasion, and as little remorse, this false friend undertakes to slander the absent VALENTINE; and amuses THURIO with not unpromising, but with inefficacious contrivances, the credit of which he knows will redound to himself.

"You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows."

"Say,

" Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
 Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity:—
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert: to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance."

PROTHERUS hires JULIA without knowing her; and employs her in conveying a ring to SILVIA, and in getting her picture, of which however the use he makes does not appear. In the fifth act, PROTHERUS jokes askance upon THURIO, and even ventures direct retorts on his dull rival.

Thurio. Sir PROTHERUS, what says SILVIA to my suit?

Protheus. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person,

Thurio. What, that my leg is too long?

Protheus. No; that it is too little.

Thurio. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder,

Protheus. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths,

Thurio. What says she to my face?

Protheus. She says, it is a fair one.

Thurio. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Protheus. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes,

Thurio. How likes she my discourse?

Protheus. Ill, when you talk of war,

Thurio.

Thurio. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

What say she to my valour?

Protheus. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Thurio. What says she to my birth?

Protheus. That you are well deriv'd.

Thurio. Considers she my possessions?

Protheus. O, ay; and pities them.

Thurio. Wherefore?

Protheus. That they are out by lease.

When informed of *SILVIA*'s flight, he determines to follow her; by accident, is the means of rescuing her from the hands of the outlaws; but this service he cancels by afterwards offering rudeness, from which *VALENTINE* delivers her. His repentance is sudden; shortly expressed; and perhaps suspicious; yet is accepted by his generous friend, who also reconciles, and unites, him and *JULIA*.

The same remarks as have been made on the poetical character of *VALENTINE*, may be applied to the character of *PROTHEUS*: his serious reflections are not equal to what *SHAKESPEARE* could afterwards produce; nor his wit to those lively effusions and combinations with which succeeding characters entertain us. The art of his contrivances is too obvious, and their conduct too easy, to interest us greatly; they cause little solicitude, as they require little dexterity; their execution is but common execution, and their progress is but ordinary progress.

If the *POET* had not resolved on a happy conclusion to his piece, he might with much propriety have punished *PROTHEUS* with severity: he might have subjected him to the horrors of the outlaw's cave and dungeon; and shewn, in his instance, how guilt preys upon the heart and corrodes the conscience. If he had not expiated his crimes with his life, he
might

might have exposed his falsehood to the *DUKE*, and to *THURIO*; and been expelled with the disgrace he deserved: but beside what regard the *POET* might have for his character of *JULIA*, he seems desirous to dismiss his audience in good humour: he wishes to raise their complacency, to be esteemed capable of giving delight, rather than of exciting terror; as if in hopes his auditors should relate their entertainment, and such relation should incline others to enjoy it for themselves; as if not yet sufficiently in favour to rouse the stronger passions, but content in the satisfaction and smiles of those who did him the honour to visit and be pleased with his efforts.

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LAUNCE.

I think (rab my dog, be the sourest natur'd dog that lives—

London, Publish'd May 1. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XI.

LAUNCE.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

“LAUNCE! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan:”—
for in truth, to deny welcome to such a laughable character as thou art, is inconsistent with the slightest tincture of good nature: he must be very hard-hearted who is not pleased by thee, very melancholy who is not cheered by thee, or very waspish and fastidious who is not amused by thine oddities and thy humours.

SHAKSPEARE had to struggle with many difficulties and inconveniences, when endeavouring to exhibit superior life and manners; and was for the most part rather obliged to imagine, than able to pourtray, the behaviour and sentiments adapted to that station, because he had been little conversant with it: but he was free from difficulties of this kind when treating inferior subjects; subjects to which his circumstances in life had placed him on a level. In lower characters he could draw ideas from the stores of his memory, and by recollecting former observations, could select more determinate and accurate expressions and manners: here, he was at no loss; he had no need to shroud want of information under ambiguity, but by means of former remark, or present invention, he accomplished with ease and alacrity that portrait which he designed to exhibit to inspection: the likeness here
No. XI. Two GENT. VERONA. E e is

is true and genuine, in consequence, it is striking; it is not merely a conception of his mind, but it is also a close and faithful copy of Nature.

Natural disposition and talents are so controuled by education, (and education is so similar in its principles by whomsoever conducted) that they lose much of their individual and particular appearance; the roughness and bluntness of natural address, is smoothened and improved by art; and a kind of generalization is communicated to the behaviour, which often presents appearances (prescribed and ordered) very different from what those of the real person would be if untutored and unrestrained.

But in LAUNCE we see Nature without any such varnish: education has neither changed nor blended any part of his character; nor have his sentiments or manners been conformed to any supposed model of excellence: he may indeed, have sacrificed—to his own humour;---or to his own belly: but certainly not to the graces, or to any of the powers prefiging over elegance.

LAUNCE was undoubtedly an oddity from his youth: I would he had given us as much of his own history as he has of his dog, Crab; partly indeed they are intermingled; and his exploits of “the stocks,” and “the pillory,” are certainly “more than many masters would do for their servants.” but here our own imagination must continue the story: surely though LAUNCE in durance might be sheepish, he could hardly be much dismayed; few of his neighbours could find in their hearts to insult him while captive in the stocks, or to pelt him while exalted in the pillory; scarcely could the very losers of “puddings,” or of “geese,” be thus enraged against the good-natured *locum tenens* of his dog, Crab, whose good character he thus preserved at the expence of his own.

By what accident he entered into the service of PROTHEUS, we are not told: though we are told, and very humbly

mourously too, the effect his departure, in consequence of his service, had, on his family, not excepting the very cat.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

“ Nay, ’twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the LAUNCES have this very fault: I have receiv’d my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir PROTHEUS to the imperial’s court. I think, Crab my dog be the fourest natur’d dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I’ll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on’t! there ’tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—oh that she could speak now like a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why there ’tis; here’s my mother’s breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear,

nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears."

LAUNCE's humour is generally easy and genuine; consisting in a comical but unaffected combination of ideas: occasionally, doubtless, it deviates into that gross fault of SHAKSPEARE's age, the pun: but even in his punning, the *POET* has had so much attention to character, as to chuse a different mode of equivocation from that of his superior personages in the play; and as he has combined a certain proportion of ignorance with this propensity in LAUNCE, the disposition to pun is more tolerable in him than in those favored with better knowledge. But though LAUNCE be ignorant, in a certain sense, he is neither blind nor deaf, but can see and hear, and comprehend, the knavery and falsehood of his master PROTHEUS; neither is LAUNCE unaffected by the sensations of the softer passions, but in this intricate situation he has recourse for direction of his judgment, to a mode that might occasionally perhaps be used with advantage by many who suppose themselves far his superiors in discretion: not that a state of attachment is the very properest period for impartial description of the beloved's character; or that one would select a lover's opinion for a correct "cat-log" of his mistress's good, or evil, qualities.—Few lovers could on this occasion maintain that equality of mind which might leave their determination free: and perhaps few ladies would chuse to stand the test of a written comparison between their vices and their virtues, if composed without favorable partiality. Nevertheless if what the *POET* has conceived and conducted with humour, were in some instances adopted with seriousness, it might perhaps prevent some of those ill-sorted matches which enjoy less of happiness than might befall the critical LAUNCE, and his criticized beloved.

"I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one,

one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages.—She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.—Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade.—Item, *She can milk*, look you; a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. [*Enter SPEED.*]

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Speed. Item, *She can sew*.

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit*.

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour*.

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin*.

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues*.

Launce. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Item, *She is proud*.

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth*.

Launce

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs—*

Launce. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were out!

Speed.—*And more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious."

The descriptions given by LAUNCE of his various situations are so complete they admit not of addition; yet so happy they would suffer by diminution; they are so general, yet so circumstantial, that they come upon the mind in full force: it is not possible to do better, let therefore LAUNCE speak for himself.

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

"When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy;

puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress SILVIA, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam SILVIA; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st thou

thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS.

Protheus. Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress SILVIA the dog you bade me.

Protheus. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Protheus. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought him back again.

Protheus. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

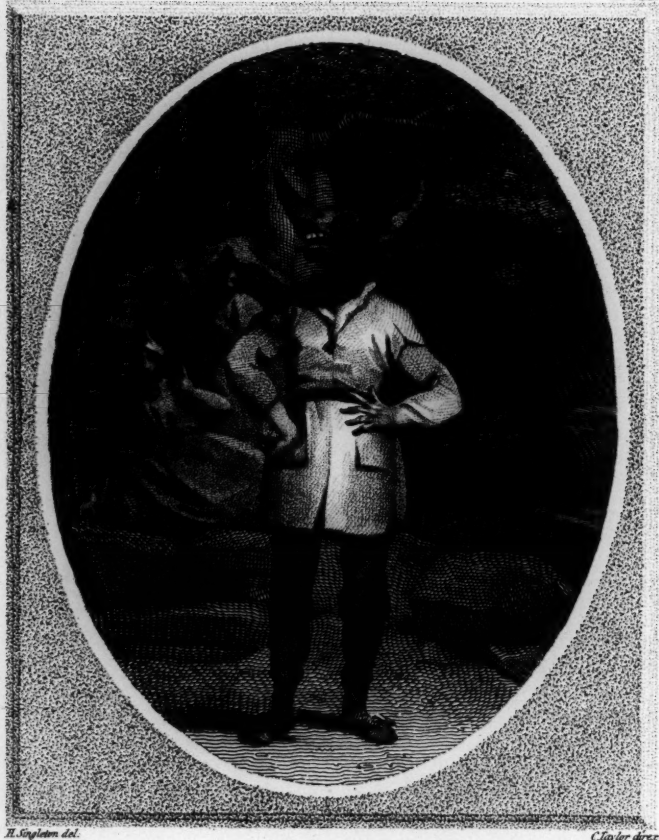
Launce. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. ACT IV. SCENE III.

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N^o. 11



BOTTOM.

I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

London, Publish'd May 1, 1793, by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XI.

B O T T O M.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

SUCCESS in delineating some kinds of characters, as in some kinds of writing, is more striking to general observation than in others: but this is not always therefore the most meritorious success: some productions also are more highly finished than others; nevertheless there are sketches so exquisitely adjusted, that it is not easy to ascertain the parts where additional finishing would not hazard at least as much injury as advantage: they may be changed and varied, but not thereby improved, they may be corrected, but what they gain in correctness they lose in vigour. Though it be true, that the hand of judgment by passing and repassing over former labours may approximate them more nearly to a supposed standard of excellence; yet many spirited productions have been spoilt by an overweening care in revival, and on the other hand, the instances are not few, wherein a happy, though rapid, copy of Nature has possessed that kind and degree of merit, which was best left in its original state. These reflections seem applicable to the character before us; in its line it is excellent, but then its line is not very exalted: and in its execution, though it be not highly finished, it is difficult to say in what respects it needs improvement.

MIDSUM. NIGHT'S DREAM.

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Not every man can make a coxcomb; yet there are coxcombs in all states and ranks of life: they are most noticed in high life, because every thing is most noticed there, but they no less exist in lower stations, where they usually exhibit equal force, and sometimes greater sprightliness. It would be hard indeed to suppose that high life had monopolized the ingredients of coxcombism; a frivolous mind, a conceited disposition, a vain estimate of self, and a handsome person, are to be found, where the *bon ton* is unknown; and they often shew themselves, by a supposed merit, or imagined ability, in things not regularly attached to them, nor connected with their direct path of life, and their allotted circumstances of situation. If a military coxcomb would restrain himself to military affairs, he might be endured by men of sense, as supposed to be in his element: if a law coxcomb, were merely a coxcomb in law, little offence would ensue from his impertinence: but while such (and numerous others equally coxcombs though of different casts) quitting the line of their professions, seek to render themselves conspicuous in other departments, while they wish by vociferation or by obstinacy to lead, or to overbear, the opinions of better judges than themselves, or to display their self-supposed merit, in matters wherein no merit is expected from them, because foreign from their professions,—let them learn a lesson from *BOTTOM* the weaver.

BOTTOM the weaver, was a personable man, a sweet singer, and a professed wit: so speak his brother players respecting him, when lamenting his supposed “transportation.”

“*Quince*. You have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge *PYRAMUS*, but he.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flute.

Flute. You must say, paragon : a paramour is, God bless us !
a thing of nought.

O sweet bully BOTTOM ! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day : an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing PYRAMUS, I'll be hang'd ; he would have deserv'd it : six-pence a-day, in PYRAMUS, or nothing."

Thus endowed, he assumes a consequence correspondent to his opinion of himself, and to others' opinion of him : PETER QUINCE is hardly so much director, as he is, though PETER QUINCE be the manager in office. In the first act, the vivacity of his opinion outruns his means of judgment, and before he knows the nature of the characters in "the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of PYRAMUS and THISBY," he pronounces it—"a very good piece of work, and a merry;" with the same alacrity he answers, when called, "Ready ; name what part I am for ; and proceed"—the confidence expressed in this single sentence is admirable ; and is heightened in its effect by his *after* enquiry "what is PYRAMUS ? a lover ? or a tyrant ?" When told he is a lover and kills himself for love, he scruples not to foresee his notable discharge of this lover's character ; yet turns with glee to play "Ercles ; a part to tear a cat in :"—his conception of the lover's part as "condoling" is highly humourous. "If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms ; I will condole in some measure." Then, though fixed for PYRAMUS, he offers himself for THISBY, and the great representative of the great Ercles, wishes to speak in a "monstrous little voice, *Thisne, Thisne, Oh Pyramus, my lover dear !*" Veering again directly opposite, and desirous of undertaking the LION, he proposes to "roar that it would do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar that I will make the DUKE say, *let him roar again ; let him roar again ;*"

afterwards "I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." The joke is augmented by his proposing to play these characters at once; let me play *THISBE* too:" "let me play the *LION* too." Conceited ambition has a thousand ways of shewing itself: *PROTEUS* must yield to *BOTTOM*; and of this *BOTTOM* is proud: the labours of the loom are forgotten, the warp, and the woof, and the shuttle, are erased from memory; and now, whatever be his merit or his diligence as a weaver, he looks forward to the applauses bestowed on the dying *PYRAMUS*. This part he undertakes: but the *POET* has thought proper previously to shew (extremely justly in my opinion) his openness to flattery; though it be gross, no matter, it coincides with his own conceptions of his own sweet self, and thus he maintains his character of a coxcomb.

"*Quince*. You can play no part but *PYRAMUS*: for *PYRAMUS* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *PYRAMUS*."

BOTTOM's wit shews itself in his dextrous obviating of supposed difficulties; he objects to the sword of *PYRAMUS*, but removes the objection by a prologue, in answer to the very characteristic fears of *STARVELING the Taylor*; he obviates also the obstacles about the *LION*; finds out moonshine, by the calendar; and shews his readiness to forward the business in hand, and to play his part.

Had not SHAKSPEARE here a fair opportunity to introduce the *AUTHOR* of this "tedious brief play; this tragical mirth?" might he not have shewn ignorant pertness different from *BOTTOM*'s by such a character?—what withheld him? not consciousness of his own pretensions; those he knew he could justify: was it tenderness to his brethren of the quill? had he experienced the perplexity occasioned by the vanity of the

the players, but not that arising from ignorant jealousy in authors? I suspect, indeed, that he had already felt the rivalry, if not the envy of his brother playwrights. If this part of his comedy was not the retort courteous upon them, it was probably an attempt to expose their inability. SHAKESPEARE wanted to introduce sense on the stage; to this purpose he was obliged to ridicule that nonsense which was too prevalent. Judicious reasoning had been lost on this subject: an exposure of it in caricatura was more likely to prove effectual. Certain theatrical mishaps he exhibits in "Love's Labours lost;"—but there he draws diversion from them; in the present play he exposes them; and in the character of *PISTOL* he renders them a standing object of laughter; this seems to have been all the conflict he condescended to maintain, and seems also to mark the course of his progress in popularity, and the success of his well directed attacks. Doubtless as his merit became better known, his courage and mettle became higher; He now led the laugh who formerly solicited the good humour of his audience; He now shewed the ridiculous side of his contemporaries, who formerly would have been glad to have escaped the shafts of their censure; yet we find little or nothing *personal* in his writings: if he exposed their errors, or parodied their bombast expressions, he refrained from what might render them uneasy in themselves, or might too severely degrade them in the eyes of others.

If ever a trick of Puck's could be vindicated, if ever enchantment and a monster were pleasant—*BOTTOM* with the ass's head on is the instance: it has furnished the *POET* with an opportunity of mingling with *BOTTOM*'s former pertness, those *asinine* ideas which force a smile: these occur during his captivity by the fairy *QUEEN*; and his descant on awaking from that condition is admirable.

"*Bottom*. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O BOTTOM, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bottom. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, BOTTOM! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

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Bottom. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mustard. What's your will?

Bottom. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero COBWEB to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bottom. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. —

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Bottom.

Bottom. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*——Hey, ho!—Peter QUINCE! FLUTE the bellows-mender! SNOUT the tinker! STARVELING! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream, methought I was—there is no man man can tell what, methought I was——And methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter QUINCE to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd *BOTTOM's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.” [Exit.]

One would have thought that *BOTTOM* should have repressed his vivacity at any rate, when performing his part before the *DUKE*; but even here his vanity overcomes his prudence, and he corrects the *DUKE's* criticism.

“*Theseus.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyramus. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *THISBY's* cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you: Yonder she comes.”

His double dying he may lay to the charge of his author: once dying is usually thought sufficient, but that this is unquestionably a great improvement, I appeal to every undertaker of character.

Determined

Determined to have the last word, he again corrects the DUKE: and after twice dying, re-assumes his former flippancy with his last resurrection.

"*Theseus*. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Ay, and wall too.

Bottom. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?"

Is BOTTOM singular in being a coxcomb? in preferring extra-professional applause? in wearing an Afs's head without knowing it? And by perpetual reference to this fact exciting the notice of others to that of which himself was ignorant? Is he singular in the *modest* estimate he makes of his own abilities, and his *modest assurance* of his own powers, as able to act any part allotted him? or in his jumping from part to part as the whim of momentary fancy impels him?—A moral somewhat ferious might be drawn from his versatility: how few are competent judges of their own powers as adapted to the part allotted them to act in life! they imagine they could gain more applause by changing their characters: they quit the weaver for PYRAMUS, PYRAMUS for THISBY, THISBY for the LION: they commence as ranting fools, and end as roaring brutes.—Steady attention to one thing may expect success; and if that one thing be well chosen, and truly honorable, it will also be more satisfactory both at present, and in future, than all the fancied honours, or "six-pence a day" emoluments, of "sweet bully BOTTOM" and his "condoling lover PYRAMUS."

F. F.

7 MA 55



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

London, Published June 1, 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn, London.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XII.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

WOLSEY is no very popular, or estimable, character, among general readers of British history; his rapid rise, and sudden fall, his pride, covetousness, ambition, and tyranny, strike the mind first with suspicion and dread, afterwards with disgust; and these sensations (especially to us of the present day) are neither softened by a pleasing exterior of personal manners, regarded as polished, or as dignified; nor compensated by that kind of popularity, which sometimes arises from trivial circumstances, and attends those utterly unworthy of it. It is admitted, that there are modes of bestowing favours which receive applause not only from him who enjoys the favour, but from those who behold it or who hear of it. There are certain minor excellencies, which frequently embarrass, at least, if they do not suspend, the judgment of candid observers with respect to gross offences: He who is generally esteemed as pleasant and conversible, polite and attentive, honest and upright, may be thought surprized into some heinous offence, or that the offence does not appear to him in the same light as to others, or that in the issue its beneficial effects may exceed its injurious tendency, or that secret reasons justify in some degree this evil, as chosen rather than greater inevitable evils. In fact, popularity is often attached

No. XII. KING HENRY VIII. G g to

to trifles, while really important principles are overlooked;—to exterior trifles, while mental habits are disregarded. Such has been the character of many a statesman:—There have been others, who by a kind of loftiness in carriage and demeanour, by an affected superiority, have imposed on the public around them: they have assumed a pomp which they termed dignity, an ostentation which they denominated honour, a haughtiness which they exhibited as distinction; if they conferred—it was at an awful distance; if they conferred favours—it was as superior beings;—they banished with a frown to perpetual darkness, as Pluto, they shook the earth in anger, as Neptune, they nodded, as Jove nods in ratification of the decrees of fate.

There is in all men a natural reluctance to behold *equals* elevated much above themselves; if it be the consequence of undeniable merit, the disposition to cavil at that merit is not far to seek; if by good Fortune, many a curse is bestowed on the blind goddess:—but to behold *inferiors*, exalted, greatly exalted, above us, is to provoke our spleen, our pride, our self-love, and every other selfish passion. When such is the disposition natural to the human breast, there is no wonder a powerful party should be formed in the public opinion, and by degrees in the state, against such instances of Fortune's partiality. Among the most remarkable of these in our history is WOLSEY: his birth we learn from the epithets of "Butcher's Cur," "beggar's book," "keech,"—"Ipswich fellow:" and his present rank not only from his title of *CARDINAL*, but from his intimacy with the king, and the deportment and state he assumes as *LORD CHANCELLOR*, &c.

The *POET* does not relate his progress in royal favour, or the various steps and stages to his present exalted station; but commences his representation by shewing him at once in full splendor: and this he effects, not so much *directly* by the pomp and state which attends him, as *indirectly* by the envy
and

and jealousy of the peers: they evidently dread his power, while they criticize his proceedings; they reflect on his want of ancestry, they vehemently exclaim on his pride, on his arrogant presumption beyond the due authority of his office, on his crafty policy in impoverishing those he suspected of enmity to his person, or dislike of his proceedings, on his purchasing a peace unworthy the "cost that did conclude it," and on the event of an incipient war.—The *POET* also indirectly raises our idea of *WOLSEY*'s craft and power, by representing *BUCKINGHAM* as at variance with him, and this *BUCKINGHAM* as highly complimented on his abilities, yet sinking before the *CARDINAL*; from whom he receives a personal insult, which provokes him to lay much blame to the *CARDINAL*'s charge, though ultimately to his own ruin.

That accusers should allow but little merit in him they accuse, is natural; that they should undervalue his services, discredit his negotiations, magnify his indiscretions into guilt, and augment his real faults by many supposititious misdeeds, is no more than such tempers, and such enmities, generally produce. . . .

But the character of *WOLSEY*, as drawn by *SHAKSPEARE*, is by no means a mere assemblage of vices, or of weaknesses. Whatever might be his origin, we see in him no tokens of former meanness: his conversation is neither in language nor in sentiment, under the par of that of the accusing nobles, who boast of their blood; this, indeed, he might in part owe to his education; but also, his talents for business appear on various occasions, and when in adversity, though mortified, he is not excessively discomposed, or overwhelmed in grief; though he clearly perceives his ruin, his behaviour is not the exclamatory violence of a little mind, but the dignified effusions of a character not unworthy of high political situation, as minister of state, or of eminent ecclesiastical station, as a *CARDINAL*. In prosperity, when surrounded by attendants,

his minions seem to make part of his character, and we observe him pretty much through a false medium, which deepens his vices and discolours his virtues; in adversity, we discover in him qualities superior to what we had supposed, and more intrinsic worth: hence our aversion is changed into compassion, and we view his fall and his subsequent misfortunes, if not with regret in respect of himself, at least without applause in respect of his enemies. The *POET* has shewn his dark side first, (and this not so dark as his foes represent it) whereby afterwards, his bright side, shews talents and virtues which being unexpected are the more impressive. The melancholy *JAQUES* says well, "Out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learn'd;" of this, *WOLSEY* is an instance; whose character is not only most interesting, but also extremely instructive, when fallen from those heights which have been known by few subjects, into misfortunes, which fewer still could bear with any moderate portion of equanimity, even if they had not been the consequences of such a sudden and dreadful reverse.

WOLSEY's great enemy is his own *IMMODERATION*: "his ambition, that scarlet sin," this makes him overpass by far the boundaries of prudence, and of safety; and creates him numerous enemies among the nobility, and among the commons: whence it happens, that every rumour of a charge against him is readily credited; and his general character for craft is considered as reason sufficient for believing him guilty of whatever is crafty.

" This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The *CARDINAL* instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too."
. "All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep:"

Hence

Hence it passes current that he was the author of the breach between the KING and KATHARINE.

" Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice,
To the good QUEEN, possessed the KING with scruples,
That will undo her."

The QUEEN charges him with the same: and WOLSEY finds it necessary to desire the KING to clear him from the accusation:—which he does.

Of WOLSEY's private life we see little in this play: it is indeed strongly intimated that it was not free from guilt, and this is directly asserted in the character given of him by QUEEN KATHARINE; and in the reproaches of the EARL OF SURREY.

WOLSEY's power appears in the destruction of BUCKINGHAM: his craft and policy as a statesman in his direction to the secretary,

" A word with you. [To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding."

In his management of CARDINAL CAMPEIUS, and his character of GARDINER,

Campeius. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wolsey. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,

If

If I command him, follows my appointment ;
 I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons."

His dextrous removal of QUEEN KATHARINE's opposition, and his request that the KING would vindicate him from the charges he suffered on her account, shew his talents.

His policy also appears in full vigour in his resolutions against ANNE BULLEN, and his dislike of CRANMER,

" It shall be to the duchess of ALENCON,
 The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
 ANNE BULLEN ! No ; I'll no ANNE BULLENS for him :
 There's more in't than fair visage.—BULLEN !
 No, we'll no BULLENS !—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of PEMBROKE !
 The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's daughter,
 To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
 This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
 Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
 And well-deserving ? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one, CRANMER ; one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle."

And in deeply studying this profound policy, he commits a breach of that respect and decorum due to the Royal presence ; for which he is somewhat ambiguously, perhaps petulantly, charged by the KING, but answers with great propriety, and fairness.

" Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ; a time
 To think upon the part of business, which
 I bear i' the state ; and nature does require

Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to."

His following conversation with the KING is conducted with great address; he asserts his services, and avers his endeavours and designs, with every appearance of conscious rectitude; when he finds the cause of the royal anger, he is greatly startled; but with the tenaciousness of a true statesman he holds his hope, though it be but feeble, he clings to his politics, till the mistaken paper pronounces his doom—he falls,—but falls with dignity.

"O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

He maintains his firmness in public, and is still the lord CARDINAL in spirit. He refuses to deliver up the great seal except to the king's own hand, he retorts vigorously on the lords his enemies who charge and provoke him, and, to them, bates no jot of his former elevation: but in private, his temper and his thoughts change, he retires into himself by meditation, and reflection; and he unbosoms himself to private friendship, with a liberty and composure of spirit, truly admirable.

Wolsey.

Wolsey. Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again."

"CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, CROMWELL;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, WOLSEY,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 CROMWELL, I charge thee, fling away ambition;

By

By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O CROMWELL,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,—prythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O CROMWELL, CROMWELL,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

The character of WOLSEY, in its early appearance, excites a sense of great abilities and great power, but misapplied, in loading the commonalty with exactions, and then in contriving to procure at least an undue share of praise for their reduction: this craft, this trick, raises an indignation which accompanies the character, and which is by no means lessened on his behaviour at the examination of the duke of BUCKINGHAM'S surveyor, which is well reprov'd by the QUEEN "My learn'd Lord Cardinal, deliver all with charity." As to his ostentation and sumptuousity, we, in these days, form such extensive ideas of Old English hospitality and good fare, that we are not surpris'd at this excess in WOLSEY, nor, had he done nothing unworthy or unjust to support the expence, would this perhaps have been esteem'd a heinous sin even in a churchman by his contemporaries. As it is, it less offends us than the circumstance of "my lord CARDINAL'S man, by commission, and main power," seizing the horses of the Lord Chamberlain,

saying "his master would be served before a subject, if not before a king." The former may have its excuse, the latter has none: that great revenues should be spent magnificently may be thought advantageous, in some respects, to the public, and at any rate is not illiberal; but oppression and violence is not in any respect advantageous, neither is the public good advanced by lordly outrages on private property. We see the **CARDINAL's** temper in the case of **BUCKINGHAM**, his rival, here we see how insecure it rendered the just possessions of individuals who had never offended him, nor pretended to rivalry.

It has been said, "the place *makes* the man:" whether this be universally true or not, it should seem evident that the place *shews* the man. There are few minds capable of supporting great exaltation, (especially if rapid) without at the same time depressing or suspending their nobler principles, and invigorating their baser propensities. Ambition first proposes—such a gratification; but when in possession of it, is equally ungratified, because other prospects open, and other objects present themselves; after these also it stretches: in the mean time the virtues of the mind are dormant, or enfeebled, by want of exercise; being little, if at all, exerted, they lose the habit if not the power of exertion, they are diminished in their activity, or in their purity, or in both. Their antagonist vices are alert, finding crooked policy congenial to their natures, they follow with readiness the perverted windings of ambition's labyrinths, till at length their subject no longer resembles his former self. If **WOLSEY** had not been ambitious, he had not been chargeable with insufferable and unbounded pride, arrogance, and vain glory;—nor with tyranny, oppression, and rapacity;—nor with craft and guile;—nor with betraying the interests of his country to advance his own power:—he had been more a man had he been less a statesman; more a divine had he been less a cardinal; more holy had he less aspired after the title of his Holiness.

7 MA 55



HERMIA.

*Help me Lysander, help, me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my breast*

London, Published June 1. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 30 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XII.

HERMIA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lysander. FAIR love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, HERMIA, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia. Be it so, LYSANDER: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia. Nay, good LYSANDER; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lysander. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;

For, lying so, HERMIA, I do not lie.

Hermia. LYSANDER riddles very prettily:—

Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,

If HERMIA meant to say, LYSANDER ly'd.

MIDSUM. NIGHT'S DREAM.

I i

But

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lye further off; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid:
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lysander. Amen, amen, to that fair pray'r, say I;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty!
 Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lye
 Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe;
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA running.

Helena. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Helena. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Demetrius. Stay on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

Helena. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is HERMIA, wherefoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though DEMETRIUS

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with HERMIA's sphery eyne?—

But who is here? LYSANDER? on the ground?

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—

LYSANDER, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lysander. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent HELENA! Nature shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is DEMETRIUS? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Helena. Do not say so, LYSANDER; say not so:

What though he love your HERMIA? Lord, what though?

Yet HERMIA still loves you: then be content.

Lysander. Content with HERMIA? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not HERMIA, but HELENA I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And

And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Helena. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from DEMETRIUS' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency ?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well : perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd !

[*Exit.*

Lysander. She sees not HERMIA :—HERMIA, sleep thou there ;

And never may'st thou come LYSANDER near !

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive ;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated ; but the most, of me !

And all my powers, address your love and might,

To honour HELEN, and to be her knight !

[*Exit.*

Hermia. [*Starting from sleep.*] Help me, LYSANDER, help
me ! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !

Ay me, for pity !—what a dream was here ?

LYSANDER, look, how I do quake with fear !

Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :—

LYSANDER ! what, remov'd ? LYSANDER ! lord !

What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?

Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;

Speak, of all loves ; I swoon almost with fear.

No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :

Or death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*

7 MA 55



H. J. G. del.

W. N. sculp.

VOLUMENTIA.

the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love

London, Publish'd July 1. 1793 by C. T aylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XIII.

VOLUMNIA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

A STREET. SICINIUS and BRUTUS, with an Ædile.

Sicilius. Bid them home:

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength. [Exit Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Sicilius. Let's not meet her.

Brutus. Why?

Sicilius. They say she's mad.

Brutus. They have ta'en note of us: Keep on your way.

Volumnia. O, you're well met: the hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!

Menenius. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Volumnia. If that I could for weeping, you should hear;—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

Virgilia. You shall stay too: I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sicilius. Are you mankind?

Volumnia. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Had'st thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sicilius. O blessed heavens!

Volumnia. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son

CORIOLANUS.

K k

Were

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sicinius. What then?

Virgilia. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Volumnia. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Menenius. Come, come, peace.

Sicinius. I would he had continu'd to his country,

As he began; and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Brutus. I would he had.

Volumnia. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Brutus. Pray, let us go.

Volumnia. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brutus. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Volumnia. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em

But once a-day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to't.

Menenius. You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Volumnia. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

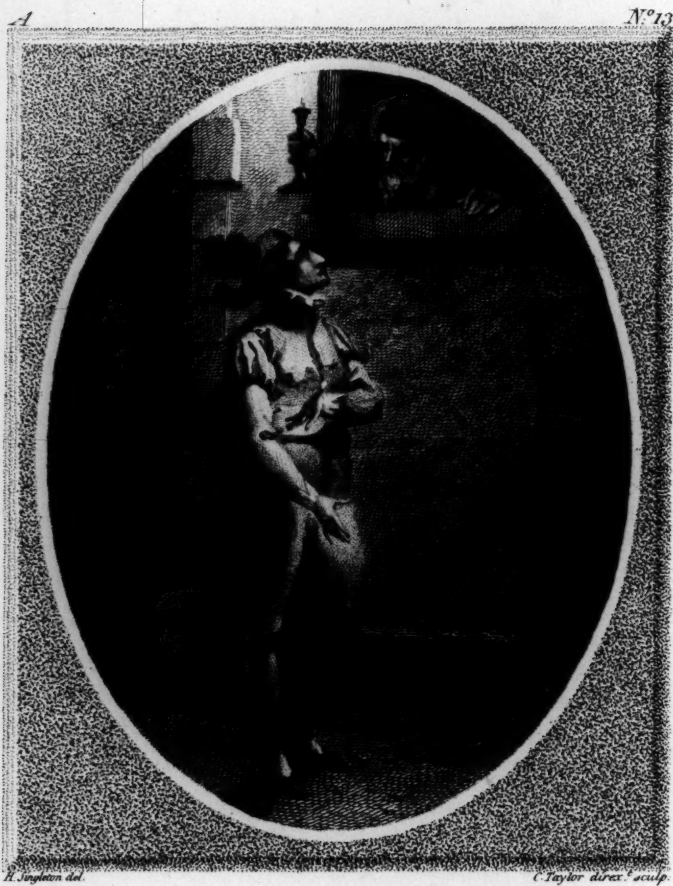
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Menenius. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

CORIOLANUS. ACT IV. SCENE II.

7 MA 55



RODERIGO.

Sir, Your daughter hath made a gross revolt.

London. Publish'd July 1: 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XIII.

RODERIGO.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

WHEN I was young and first read "OTHELLO," I thought the character of RODERIGO of little importance; it seemed introduced merely to fill up those vacancies of action which might otherwise have remained unemployed: further study of SHAKSPEARE convinced me that scarce one of his characters is redundant, or trifling, but that, especially in OTHELLO, every person represented contributes essentially, directly, or indirectly, to forward the business in hand, and to produce the completion of the piece correspondent to the author's design.

The fiery and elevated genius of SHAKSPEARE, in conceiving new and extraordinary situations, and characters, being accustomed to such exertions, considered scarce any thing as unlikely or improbable to which itself was familiar, or to which it favorably inclined; widely ranging in excursions of fancy, and visiting regions hitherto unexplored, it acquired a boldness, which neither hesitated nor startled at characters, or ideas, that appeared altogether beyond the "modesty of Nature" to common apprehension. Such is the character of OTHELLO: an ordinary mind would have feared attempting to delineate such a person, in such situations; such especially is the character of IAGO: a knave of unusual knavery, of

No. XIII. OTHELLO. L 1 compli-

complicated, and exquisite villainy: the idea of such villainy might have occurred to inferior poets, but the expression and accompaniments of it would have been greatly enfeebled under their management.—The action of the character of IAGO on that of OTHELLO, is the action of extraordinary villainy on an extraordinary mind; consequently, in its nature and degree above the level of common spectators, and liable to the exception or cavil of such as might reflect on their distant resemblance to that general nature of which they had beheld instances in the ordinary course of life. For, notwithstanding the sentiments and behaviour of these characters produce their effect on our minds, because in a certain degree conformable to general nature, yet there is also another view of them in which they appear absolutely identical and peculiar to themselves in many of their most prominent features.

The character of RODERIGO is, therefore, extremely useful, not only in connecting the series of imposition practised by IAGO, and in shewing him to be proficient in more than one kind of craft, but also in exhibiting an underplot of guilt, which supports the effect of the principal combination of events, and the main effort of the piece. SHAKSPEARE has in this, as in other of his plays, condescended to introduce a minor group of sentiments; not the *same* as his principal, but *allied* to it:—not the same, that would be repetition;—not totally foreign from it; that, by contrariety to the affections already excited in the spectator's bosom, would be perplexing, and in fact nugatory; since two opposite powers could only embarrass and check each other, to the evident weakening of the chief intent attached to the leading action. In "HAMLET," the supposed madness of HAMLET is allied to, but different from, the genuine madness of OPHELIA, whereby the spectator's mind is *gradually* heightened to the tone of sensibility requisite to the author's design: the same occurs in "KING LEAR" where the disguise of EDGAR is nicely adjusted

justed to sustain the effect of the KING's infirmity.—What is more immediately related to our present subject,—we see in KING RICHARD III. a depravity of mind, which deceives and ruins in more than one way, and which, by its destruction of lesser persons, prepares us to believe that no villainy which may answer its purposes would be declined, or thought too horrid by it. These lesser subjects, therefore, and their sufferings, are necessary, as they form somewhat of a scale of sensation, and as they connect, and continue, a series of actions all tending to one termination.

RODERIGO is of use, rather as he is acted upon, than as he acts: yet in the affair of assaulting CASSIO, and ringing the alarm bell, he is of importance; and in the attempt on CASSIO's life, he answers purposes which could not be so well answered by any other.

The description of RODERIGO, is that of a weak unthinking young man, who in pursuit of forbidden gratification becomes the dupe of abilities superior to his own: without the steady dignity of generous Virtue, he has presumed to offer himself to DESDEMONA's favour; without those nobler qualities of the mind which sound judgment would prefer, he has hoped, and is vexed to find his hopes blasted. The tinsel of external accomplishments, in no remarkable degree, is all his recommendation; and these being unable to accomplish his designs in a fair, open, and honorable manner, he diverts them to the accomplishment of base purposes by base means. He attempts to effect that by bribery which he cannot effect by desert; he attempts to procure by insinuation that share of DESDEMONA's good graces to which his merit does not entitle him.

The POET has with great art, shewn RODERIGO to be a person of strong passions, as of a weak mind, by representing him unable to bear disappointment; and therefore proposing suicide as a deliverance from what he calls his "torment." I

know that some have esteemed such rejection of life, as a mark of a high spirit, and a noble mind: nevertheless, it seems demonstrable, that (whatever may *have been* the description of such a person) *at the time* of such resolution, the mind is sunk from its true elevation, depraved in its noblest powers, and enslaved by temper and passion: was it truly itself, noble, and free, it would be far from such violence; and far would all capable persons be from esteeming such instances of palsied judgment; they would be left to characters whose true level is that of RODERIGO. Sentiments attached to genuine honour would need no IAGO to divert them from the fate of "cats and blind puppies."

We learn that IAGO has "had RODERIGO's purse, as if the strings were his own," and to this appropriation he continues to submit, till his property is diminished, if not wholly squandered. He finds in the course of events, one disappointment after another attend him, and of this he is aware: he is not insensible to his situation, yet he is further misled, and overruled by IAGO's subtlety to prolong his fruitless endeavours. He continues deluded to his ruin; and, step by step, after having once quitted the path of rectitude, he advances to meet his fate: he has no fortitude that should resolutely retain him from venturing on the wiles of which he seems in some degree suspicious; he complains repeatedly to IAGO of his misbehaviour, and is as often over-persuaded by his false friend; he has no true foresight, yet is far from being absolutely blind; he reasons occasionally on his situation, and circumstances, yet his reasonings are useless because not called into action; he condemns himself, yet continues the courses which occasion his self condemnation; he is enthralled, bewildered, embarrassed, perplexed, the actual though not unreluctant agent in mischief; he sees several opportunities of freedom, but embraces none; he might have readily refused to follow IAGO to Cyprus, since the plan proposed was but shallow, yet required

quired in its execution no shallow expence; at the sale of his lands he might have started, and refused, but he yields, "puts money in his purse," and lavishes it in "jewels that might have corrupted a votary." In the fourth Act, indeed, he seems provoked beyond bearing; his patience is exhausted, and somewhat like rationality shews itself in him, but the vapour soon vanishes, and instead of being improved by him to conviction, he listens to a proposal of murder, and becomes a principal in the attempt to assassinate a man and an officer whom he ought to have respected. He has no true mettle to resist the deluding artifices of IAGO, though IAGO compliments him on mettle to answer his purposes, and excites him to shew it by "removing of CASSIO," *i. e.* killing him. He will neither tread back the steps of his vicious course, nor be content to terminate by suspending them, but proceeds to extremity, though uncertain of accomplishing his purposes. In this course he is basely murdered by the hardened villain who calls himself his friend:—he falls—the dupe of his foolish confidence in unprincipled iniquity.

We cannot respect RODERIGO, he is too weak and simple to permit respect; we cannot pity him, he is too dishonorable in his principles to excite pity; we are not interested for him, as we have no desire he should succeed; we have no regret for him, for were he the only person lost, we should scarce lament his fate. OTHELLO is too blindly confident; but he is more blindly confident than OTHELLO: CASSIO is too deficient in fortitude; but he is more deficient in fortitude than CASSIO. His character is of use, as he furnishes fresh scope to the selfish artifices of IAGO, and as his death fixes on IAGO the crime of murder.

The intricate paths of *VICE* are always dangerous to the most brilliant abilities; for these cannot ensure the accomplishment of their plots; but to moderate abilities, no ways
are

are safe but those of rigid *VIRTUE*. Extraordinary address may, occasionally, triumph by indirect means, though often its triumph be merely momentary; but attainments, or qualities, not raised above the common level, are most honorable, most secure, and most happy, when guided by rectitude, and when conformable to integrity. If rectitude and integrity possess their due share in the person we esteem as our friend, we may justly expect much advantage from his friendship; but then we can expect to maintain his friendship only while we maintain our virtue. If we select as a friend one whose disposition is malevolent, and whose principles are unworthy, he may indeed propose to us such services as *IAGO* proposed to *RODERIGO*, and he may also terminate them as *IAGO* terminated his. We cannot always avoid intercourse with bad men, but we may avoid placing confidence in them, and being swayed by them; we may avoid being their dupes, though we may treat them with civility; and though we cannot always flee from their company, we may constantly distrust their principles, and decline their intimacy.

PERSEVERANCE is on many occasions a virtue of the greatest importance, as its opposite (*FICKLENESS*) is a vice extremely prejudicial: but then its object ought to be well ascertained, well investigated, and well appreciated; whether it be such as will justify our exertions, and repay the anxieties and the fatigues which perseverance is called to undergo; for then only is this virtue entitled to praise, and then only will it receive praise from those who possess understanding. Neither perhaps will this criterion of judgment be without its use in distinguishing between the virtue of perseverance and the vice of obstinacy: for though perseverance may often be regarded as little different from well-regulated obstinacy, and principally as applying the best means to the best designs, and that with unwearied diligence and assiduity; yet as the choice of means

means is liable to much ambiguity, and much difference of opinion, it might perhaps often be adviseable rather to determine by the importance of the object, whereof most are qualified to judge, or by its propriety, whereon opinions might mostly unite; since the general voice will rarely pronounce that to be violently wrong, which is *esteemed* as right, or that to be unworthy, whose importance is evident, and whose principles are agreeable to rectitude, to benevolence, to candour, or to wisdom.

In applying these remarks to the character of RODERIGO, we perceive, that had he attended to them, and been guided by them, he had not deceived himself by false hopes, nor been the victim to the artifices of IAGO; had not mispent his time, nor dissipated his property; he had not experienced the mortifications of disappointment, nor the corroding canker of self-condemning reflection; he had not assisted in promoting the schemes of villainy, nor in depriving an officer of the esteem of his general: had he thus reflected, he had secured his tranquillity from the bitterness of remorse, his mind from the anxieties of delusion, and his life from the dagger of IAGO.

F. F.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

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the City of Boston from 1700 to
the present time.

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I A G O.

Be You not known of it: I have a use for it.

London. Publish'd Aug. 1. 1793. by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street. Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XIV.

I A G O.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

THE character of an active and artful hypocrite, is very differently circumstanced in representation, from what it is in real life; and requires much allowance for many apparent deviations from its governing principles: it is no part of hypocrisy to confess disguise, to speak frankly of the causes wherefore it assumes such disguise, or the ends it proposes to answer by it; such conduct, in life, would be contradictory to the principles of hypocrisy:—but in representation a glimpse, at least, of the concealed excitements of such conduct must be admitted, and be not only tolerated, but justified. In representation also, the schemes of knavery may ripen more speedily than perhaps they do in life; and, though it be impossible that greater advantages should be taken of favorable events than are taken by living knaves, yet such events may be more closely connected, and more rapidly produced in dramatic composition, than we usually behold them in the common course of human occurrences. Under these circumstances the character of IAGO opens with a confession of hypocritical simulation, which he imparts in confidence to RODERIGO: but principally for the instruction of the audience, as to what they are to expect from his future conduct: he states, indeed, sundry grievances, which he amplifies at length, but,

No. XIV. OTHELLO.

M m

when

when well examined, they prove to be no more, than that a better officer has a better place.

IAGO appears to be an artful hypocrite; and his character exemplifies the requisites for the most consummate hypocrisy: What are those requisites? Let the answer be taken from IAGO:—a mind that recoils from no means that seem likely to attain its purpose; a readiness (and even volubility occasionally) of speech; and a promptitude to seize, and to bias the weak side of others who have more honesty and less craft. Beside these, a finished knave has an appearance of rectitude, a fertility of contrivance, a discernment, which investigates every symptom of success, or of defeat, a dexterity which averts—(often which improves) impediments, and which by seizing favorable moments ensures a happy issue to its plots and contrivances.

How far the *POET* exhibits these qualifications of hypocrisy in the character of IAGO may deserve enquiry; and the rather, because he is represented, not as an occasional hypocrite, rendered so by intricate circumstances, by the pressure of the moment, by the necessity of self-preservation, but it appears he has long been in the habit of disguise, has long borne a grudge, and meditated revenge. It appears, also, that while he is duping others, he is himself a dupe to his own suspicions, that he is bewildered by false ideas of injury he supposes has been done to him; urged by remorseless villainy, he punishes for an imaginary crime, and destroys for guilt which existed in his own apprehension only: while undermining the happiness of others, he is himself unhappy, and while convulsing their bosoms, he is but transfusing the same poisons which already rankle in his own breast.

“ I am led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And

And nothing doth or shall content my soul
Till I am even with him. . . ."

" I hate the Moor:

And it is thought abroad that twixt my sheets
He has done my office. *I know not if 't be true*
But I for mere suspicion in that kind
Will do as if for surety."

He recoils from no means that seem likely to attain his purpose: when that purpose is to draw money from RODERIGO, he urges whatever he thinks likely to influence that unwary youth to "put money in his purse," and to follow him to Cyprus; disregarding to what distress he may reduce him, and what poverty must follow "the sale of his lands:" when his purpose is to ruin CASSIO's reputation by making him drunk, he can promise, he can rattle, he can sing, song after song, to prolong the opportunity, and ensure its effect: after which he can expose, and magnify, that indiscretion of which he has been the guilty author. More than that, having discovered his weakness, he foresees that CASSIO will be quarrelsome, and he provides by RODERIGO a subject of quarrel: as when he designs that OTHELLO should be jealous, he provides by CASSIO a subject of jealousy: this he augments, and enforces, till he perceives it will issue in the death, of DESDEMONA and of CASSIO, but, as their deaths may promote his views, his mind relents not at their sufferings, but adds to them the destruction of RODERIGO by his own hand. If in revenge for some supposed injury received from OTHELLO, he had rendered *his* mind uneasy, why not be content with that? hardened villainy only can involve the innocent in bloody punishment, and contemplate murder as the consequence of its suggestions. OTHELLO has remorse and suffers from it; reflects on his wife's beauty, kindness, and accomplishments; and sadly feels "the pity of it! IAGO: the pity of it!" but IAGO, who knows her innocence, counsels

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him

him to "forget that"—makes her "worse" for all her kindness—and urges her gentleness as "too gentle," nor ceases to provoke OTHELLO till the bloody deed be resolved on, and the mode of its accomplishment be determined.

IAGO possesses a remarkable readiness of speech: this appears in the very opening of the play; and though grossness of language be unpardonable, yet if it may be tolerated, it is in this character: there is something so unworthy, so disgusting, in obscene expression, that whoever uses it instantly becomes hateful; and in this view it has its effect: we are prepared to expect whatever is mean, base, and profligate, from the author of such indecency.

The language in which SHAKSPEARE has clothed the sentiments and insinuations of IAGO, is remarkably characteristic; it varies as it is addressed to different persons. To RODRIGO it is plain prose; that character being easily persuaded, and of no great penetration, the language of IAGO is unguarded, voluble, rapid; he was under no fear of his reasons being closely investigated, and he bestows little reason on the subject; he over-persuades, not by argument, but by declamation: he knows that what he affirms will readily pass current, and he takes care to affirm enough; he appears plausible, but is not profound. To CASSIO he assumes another style; he first takes the lead in talk, as he sets the example of drinking; he seems to enjoy the carousal, and promotes what he would wish should be esteemed as mirth; but, when CASSIO, being heated, affects to talk; IAGO is almost silent, or answers but in single sentences. His account of the quarrel is a master-piece of equivocation: he asserts nothing that was absolutely false, nothing that could be contradicted by evidence, yet, as he knew it would be received, what he relates is not true; nor is the effect produced by it what in justice it ought to be, but what in malice he wished it.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless his great instance of versatile speech is his conversation with OTHELLO: his half-hinting "Indeed!"—"Honest my lord!"—"think my lord!"—his insinuating moralizing. "Men should be what they seem . . .," his seeming independence of spirit

" . . . Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to all that slaves are free to."

"
"It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts"

To excite OTHELLO to further enquiry, he drops, as it were, accidentally, the notice that it referred to somebody's "good name"—and this, not by saying so in direct terms, but by praising "that immediate jewel of their souls." On the same principle, in the same oblique manner, he mentions the word "jealousy," with a caution—

"O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!"

"
"Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!"

This last sentiment is remarkably artful; and its inference, though deeply concealed, is, if jealousy attaches not to me, or to my tribe, to whom does it attach when only you and I are in conversation? the energy of these lines is complete; their force is irresistible; and the grossness of the term "cuckold" is at once highly characteristic, and startling, especially to OTHELLO; and especially after the word "jealousy."

To

To make OTHELLO inquisitive, he has protested against inquiry; to make him jealous, he has vilified jealousy; to render him suspicious, he refers to what formerly OTHELLO thought his unsuspicious happiness; and now to render him melancholy, he observes, "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits"—"Trust me, I fear it has." "But I do see you are mov'd . . ."

"I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Othello. I do not think but DESDEMONA's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!"

This is capital: he allows *suspicion*; but by this seemingly hearty wish, he covers with admirable dexterity his real design.—His following discourse, his half going, his return, to promote and to fix the sentiment against which he declaims, are equally ingenious, and equally powerful instances of the most consummate artifice: they exhibit every appearance of the most perfect rectitude, and seem to justify all the confidence which can be placed in the artful deluder.

To remark that IAGO discovers and biases the weak side of those against whom he plots, is but to repeat what is evident on reading the play: it was of importance to him to mislead the vanity of RODERIGO, and to misconduct the weakness of CASSIO, he reaps also his advantage from the unreflecting heedless pilfering of EMILIA, and from her inattention to the guilt of smaller crimes (though she is startled at greater) he procures a "confirmation strong," which had not been so easy by any other mean. He professes to take advantage of DESDEMONA's kindness of disposition to work her ruin; he buoys up her hopes that "it was the business of the state did OTHELLO offence," and he even seemingly laments her misfortune, in her company, as he had before to others.

IAGO

Iago. "What is the matter, lady?

Emilia. Alas, IAGO, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona. Am I that name, IAGO?

Iago. What name, fair lady

Desdemona. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emilia. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Desdemona. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Desdemona. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible."

.

Lodovico. "Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lodovico. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lodovico. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lodovico. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him."

[*Exeunt.*

As to his perverting the unwary frankness of OTHELLO, the catastrophe of the play demonstrates that but too plainly.

IAGO possesses a fertility of expedient, and contrivance, which is never balked, or *non-plus'd*: when threatened by RODERIGO with a renunciation of his pursuit, and a demand of satisfaction; he professes to admire his mettle, and to build his hopes the stronger on this very incident, which seems at first so alarming. He recommends to CASSIO the most proper course to regain the general's favour, and uses it as an expedient. When OTHELLO seizes him, he exclaims readily on his honesty, resigns his office, and in conclusion greatly strengthens his former impressions. He advises OTHELLO rather to strangle his wife, than to kill her by any other means, and when action is necessary he endeavours to slay CASSIO, and actually murders RODERIGO. His talent of persuasion he employs repeatedly to accomplish his purposes, and though he could not produce "living instances of disloyalty," he devises fictions which he knew could not be contradicted, and employs the vilest appearances to accomplish deception: witness his delusion of CASSIO and OTHELLO.

Iago.

Iago. " But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Othello. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Stand you a while a-part:

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief,

(A passion most unfuited such a man)

CASSIO came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself—

And mark the flers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

How do you now lieutenant?

Enter CASSIO.

Cassio. The worser, that you give me the addition,

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply DESDEMONA well, and you are sure on't.

Now, if this suit lay in BIANCA's power,

How quickly should you speed? [*Speaking lower.*]

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cassio. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Othello. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, CASSIO?

Othello. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?" [*Aside.*]

No. XIV. OTHELLO.

N n

There

There is something extremely marked in the gloomy and sulky silence of IAGO after what may be termed his arraignment,

“ Demand me nothing; What you know, you know,
From this time forth I never will speak word.”

It should seem, indeed, that he wished to avoid the discovery of his crimes, as also of their motive; nor could he then tell that his guilt would be so clearly manifested as it quickly after proves to be.

The character of IAGO excites our abhorrence; as it instances much pains taken to be a villain, as it shews unfounded suspicions received as facts, and the most atrocious revenge studied in consequence, it shews also the effect of half-shewn, half-concealed surmises, and that such behaviour is very congruous to the deep designs of villainy:—hence it directs us to be on our guard against such inuendoes:—it teaches also, that too ardent professions of love and regard, are suspicious, being usually mere coverings to latent disaffection:—that he is not to be confided in, who interferes in concerns not connected with his proper duty, and that too much caution cannot be used in reference to the person who is capable of deep dissimulation, treachery, and concealment. It is true, honesty may not always detect such knavery, till too late; but as such concealment is ever an object of mistrust to the wary mind, honesty should remember, that “mistrust is the mother of security,” and is never better employed, than against those very persons who labour to excite that jealousy of others for which their conduct and behaviour furnishes no occasion.

I could wish some masterly hand would compare the character of IAGO, and of his rival in guilt, KING RICHARD III. They are both considerable as persons of talents, and both hateful in abusing their talents to criminal purposes; they
both

both deceive all with whom they have to do, and by the depth of their plots they ruin those whose confidence they possess; they both see their plots ripen to success, but as to enjoying their success,—they are both too guilty: IAGO, indeed, is discovered at once, and the moment of his victory is the moment of his defeat; RICHARD rules for a time, but that time is short, and then his punishment is dreadful. The ambition of RICHARD is to aggrandize himself; much of IAGO's ambition is to render others miserable. RICHARD has to manage public persons and public concerns, IAGO destroys domestic felicity, and ruins the private peace of the dearest connections. RICHARD disregards the ties of duty, and the bonds of natural affection; IAGO pretends to duty, but he violates it in every principle, and while he acknowledges obligation, he meditates the grossest ingratitude. Are either of them happy while in prospect of success?—on the contrary,—the most venomous passions corrode their own bosoms. Happiness, which is greatly mental, flees from such minds, and starts away from abodes of such rancorous guilt. The POET also, suffers them both to die without noise; RICHARD is slain almost silently, and IAGO is detained for punishment not introduced on the scene. But though in many respects they resemble each other, each has a cast of mind peculiar to himself; there is a courage and policy in the knavery of RICHARD, which is not in that of IAGO: the revenge of IAGO gives a blackness to his mind, which is augmented by the sly, gloomy, management, under which he shelters his proceedings: He is not so active as RICHARD, and has not his vivacity; he does not embrace so many plans at once, nor set so many snares; but those he does set, are equally well managed, and if his exploits be not so various, they are equally complete, and equally finished.

Which of these characters is most hateful? we can answer that question, only by considering which may be most frequent

quent. In this respect, RICHARD is most singular, for, to slay kings, and to acquire a kingdom, requires a conjunction of public affairs, which, were such conjunctions frequent, would annihilate public communities: whereas to destroy private peace, to suggest and to foment the principles of discord, is unhappily but too much within the reach of ordinary occurrences, and too level to the talents of wretches like IAGO.—If ambition may be in any respect allowed as an excuse for villainy, RICHARD has that excuse; if revenge be a more diabolical incentive than ambition, IAGO is chargeable with that incentive. If revenge be a more frequent passion than ambition, if it possess more opportunities of executing its purposes, if it require less energy of mind to accomplish its designs, and if, from its nature, it be more capable of dissimulation, then ought we especially to be on our guard against every principle of revenge, remembering that however plausible it may appear at first, yet when become our master, it will want merely opportunity to assimilate us to the gloomy, the cruel, the perfidious, the detestable, character of IAGO.

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Nº 14



H. Bayly del.

C. Taylor sculp.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

*By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
out of the gripes of cruel men —*

London, Publish'd Aug. 1. 1793 by C. Taylor Nº 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XIV.

.....

C R A N M E R.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

SCENE the COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Gardiner. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cranmer. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful; I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gardiner. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

No. XIV. KING HENRY VIII. O o *Cromwell.*

Cromwell. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gardiner. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Cromwell. Why, my lord?

Gardiner. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? you are not found.

Cromwell. Not found?

Gardiner. Not found, I say.

Cromwell. 'Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gardiner. I shall remember this bold language.

Cromwell. Do:

Remember your bold life too.

Chamberlain. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:

Cranmer. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gardiner. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome;
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Cranmer. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

KING HENRY VIII. ACT V. SCENE II.

7 MA 55.



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor sculpsit aeneide.

BUCKINGHAM.

—— repays he my deep service
With such contempt? — let me be gone.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XV.

.....

BUCKINGHAM.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

“TUT, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.”

Such is the description given by BUCKINGHAM of his own character and abilities: to which we ought to add, that no inconsiderable portion of vanity and conceit is combined with his talents; it is indeed, his weakness, and that by which the usurper contrives to render him a useful agent in accomplishing his crimes.

Activity and exertion are the characteristics of RICHARD; his language and eloquence is also active, sharp, witty, and penetrating: but as such language is not always in season, nor successful with every hearer, a different kind of address and elocution is occasionally necessary, and this is furnished by BUCKINGHAM. He is esteemed a judicious man, and therefore his sentiments have weight with those who are to determine upon his proposals; considered as a person of discrimination, and versed in distinctions, he bewilders the judgment of some, while as a fluent and graceful speaker he endeavours to beguile the opinions of others. He is prompted by the hope

No. XV. KING RICHARD III.

P p

of

of reward to exert his talents, and is flattered by the apparent submission of RICHARD to his influence, and by the supposed possession of his confidence, his guilty confidence! — But though he be a traitor, and though he contribute to the destruction of many, he is not so thoroughly immersed in villainy as RICHARD is; he is not so utterly lost to every relic of humanity, but still retains a sense which renders some enormities too shocking, and some excesses too flagrant. He seems to think a certain course of crimes may be excused in the progress to a crown; though he hesitates at others necessary to ensure its stability: he gratifies his personal enmity by shedding the blood of his opponents, and he practices duplicity in almost every action, yet he recoils, when further murders are proposed; as if he had hoped that he might follow a vicious course to certain limits only, and at those limits might relinquish it if so inclined. A vain hope which never yet was realized, nor ever will be!

The character of BUCKINGHAM is duplicity itself, and his fate the reward such character merits: this he notices expressly, and in this he may be said to acquiesce. The POET has with great propriety executed poetical justice on him; and made him his own condemner: thus he speaks,

“HASTINGS, and EDWARD’s children, RIVERS, GREY,
Holy king HENRY, and thy fair son EDWARD,
VAUGHAN, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mark my destruction!—
This is All-Souls’ day, fellows, is it not?

Sheriff. It is, my lord.

Buckingham. Why, then All-Souls’ day is my body’s doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king EDWARD’s time,
I wish’d might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife’s allies:

This

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-seer whom I dally'd with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Thus MARGARET's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember MARGARET was a prophetess.—
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

It is remarkable, that at first, MARGARET exempts BUCKINGHAM from her curse; and it gives at that time, not only importance to him, but somewhat of expectation of probity from him, though such expectation be soon dissipated by his conduct. (ACT I. SCENE III.)

Margaret. O princely BUCKINGHAM, I kiss thy hand,
 In sign of league and amity with thee:
 Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
 Nor thou within the compass of our curse.

As a crafty politician, BUCKINGHAM proposes that only a small escort should proceed to Ludlow to fetch the young king; and the reasons he gives for this seem so sufficient, that both RIVERS and Hastings agree in their propriety: whereas his real design is of a far different nature, and utterly contradictory to his late professions of reconciliation and kindness to his enemies: viz.

“To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.”

By much the same course as he had misled RIVERS and HASTINGS he misleads the CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and, persuading him by subtle distinctions influences, him “to infringe

the holy privilege of blessed sanctuary:" partly he sways him by the authority of his positive opinion, partly he urges reasons which might pass for plausible had their intention and foundation been honest.

" You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er 'till now."

The same art he practices on the *LORD MAYOR*, and again on the citizens; and, it must be owned, his relation of his conduct at the Guildhall justly entitles him to the character of an eloquent speaker, and an adroit manager: nothing can be better imagined or conducted; whatever has depended on himself, was perfectly executed.

" I left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—" God save *RICHARD*, England's royal king!

Glocester. And did they so?

Buckingham. No, so God help me, they spake not a word:
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;

But

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king RICHARD!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and chearful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to RICHARD:
 And even here brake off, and came away.

.
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord:
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:"

He seems to be in his element when speaking: he has words at will; and is equally excellent whether perplexing the honest citizens, or complimenting RICHARD into acceptance of the crown. His faltering therefore when RICHARD proposes the murder of the two children, is evidently not the want of apprehension, but of acquiescence.

King Richard. Stand all apart.—Cousin of BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. My gracious sovereign.

King Richard. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
 And thy assistance, is king RICHARD seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buckingham. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

King Richard. Ah, BUCKINGHAM, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young EDWARD lives;—

Think now what I would speak.

Buckingham. Say on, my loving lord.

King Richard. Why, BUCKINGHAM, I say, I would be king.

Buckingham. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

King

King Richard. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but EDWARD lives.

Buckingham. True, noble prince.

King Richard. O bitter consequence,

That EDWARD still should live—true! noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buckingham. Your grace may do your pleasure.

King Richard. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buckingham. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately."

Afterwards in soliciting the earldom of Hereford, he meets a repulse, and an affront; he foresees at once the consequences of such a change in the tyrant's mind and behaviour, and endeavours to provide for his safety by flight, and by opposition.

"O let me think on HASTINGS, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on."

His opposition however is fruitless, because unfortunate; and we learn that

... "By sudden floods, and fall of waters,

BUCKINGHAM's army is dispersed and scattered:

And he himself wandered away alone,

No man knows whither."

A fatal prelude to his captivity, and execution!

The Character of BUCKINGHAM is not extremely rare in human life: Duplicity and Vanity enter greatly into its composition. The former occurs but too often in the intercourse of mankind, nor is it uncommon to find persons of talents dazzled as it were with the splendor of their own abilities: conscious of a certain superiority, they are forward, perhaps intrusive,

intrusive, in discourse; conceiving of themselves as excellent managers, they are meddling, and officious, in affairs. Their conduct may not have the public consequences of BUCKINGHAM's, but in private, they become the handy tools of deeper craft and guile: for, as such abilities are rather superficial than profound, rather exposed, and open, than sagacious, when thus directed, they often execute to most advantage the plots of others rather than their own; and so that their talents be but shewn, themselves made of consequence, their opinion sought—adopted—applauded; their Vanity is gratified, and their Integrity banished—that may indeed at some time return, and startle at some unusual guilt, the small remains of it may act, and may endeavour to make one more effort of restraint, if it cannot prevail to change of conduct: but perhaps by this time, as was the case in respect of BUCKINGHAM, their determination is of little avail, and having forwarded the designs of others to a certain degree, the consequences will take place, whether they themselves will, or will not, be the agents.

Vanity seems at first to be little calculated for such serious evils; and often, it does no further injury than to render its possessor ridiculous, it hurts no one, excites a laugh by its frivolity, and if it can steer clear of contempt, passes through the world with little disadvantage; but, united with duplicity, with a disposition to intrigue, it must do mischief in proportion to its powers: if in a high station, it affects high events, and may be the means of spreading unhappiness, perhaps calamity, far around. Now, without being too severe on Vanity, as Vanity, we are in no danger of being too severe on that deceitful conduct, which while it professes friendship and reconciliation harbours revenge and purposes blood, which vows, and swears, and imprecates curses on itself, yet means by such oaths no more than to take the first opportunity of acting contrary to them. This disposition also injures according to its station: the whole race of politicians are by

some included in the charge: as also whole nations are by other nations (whence Gallic perfidy is proverbial) though each endeavours to remove the character from itself, even while suffering what some esteem the natural consequence of such behaviour: for it is confessed by all, that when justice overtakes such a character, its punishment is well deserved, and a very small share of pity is all it can extort;—whether its punishment be like that of BUCKINGHAM the sufferings of the block and the axe; or that contempt, aversion, and hatred, which is sure to befall it when discovered, by time, to the inspection of mankind.

Beside, it is not uncommon to see the punishment of duplicity proceed from that very quarter which it had most endeavoured to serve: and this is but natural, if we reflect, that all who employ knaves hate *them*, how much soever they may desire their knavery; and *knowing* them, when their services are no longer needed, may perhaps be the very occasion of their exposure.

The Character of BUCKINGHAM may seem to justify the exclamation “how injurious are talents!” but it is not talents that are injurious, but personal disposition that is so: the bias of the mind. Very moderate abilities may produce an immoderate quantity of evil; which the greatest exertions made by the noblest powers may be unable to prevent. If it were too much to wish that every man should employ his real or his supposed talents to the advantage of his neighbour, and of the community, it might at least be desired that they should not be employed in subverting the peace of his country, and of his fellow-citizens: it were no small favour done to the world if some persons in it would be content rather to punish their Vanity by silence, than to risque its punishment when exposed, amid the taunts of public censure and contempt, combined with the consciousness of having produced confusion, and mischief.

7 MA 55



RICHMOND.

*cheerly on
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.*

London, Publish'd Sep: 1. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 30 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XV.

RICHMOND,

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED and ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

Richmond. FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father STANLEY
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his deareſt need, will fly from him.

No. XV. KING RICHARD III. Qq *Richmond.*

Richmond. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

.
Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
Mylord of OXFORD,—you, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON,
And you, Sir WALTER HERBERT, stay with me:—
The earl of PEMBROKE keeps his regiment;—
Good captain BLUNT, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord STANLEY quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richmond. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet BLUNT, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richmond. Good night, good captain BLUNT. Come, gentlemen,

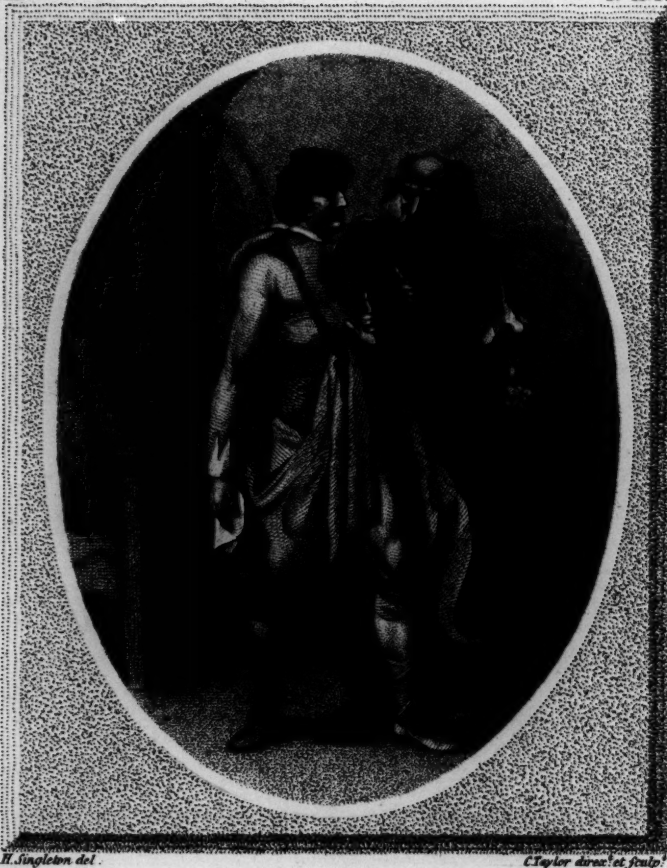
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

RICHARD III. ACT V. SCENE II. and III.

7 MA 55

A.

N^o XVII.



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor dree. et sculp.

EDMUND.

I know no news, my Lord.

Act I. Scene 2.

London, Publish'd Oct: 1. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor durax^t et sculp^t

E D G A R.

Tom's a cold
Halloo! Halloo!

Act III Scene

London. Published Oct^r. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATES I. and II. No. XVI.

.....

EDMUND; *and* EDGAR.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED *and* ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

THE passions of the human mind are capable of almost infinite variety, as they are compounded and mingled with each other, or as they are placed in circumstances which differently call forth their powers: sometimes we see contradictory passions struggling for mastery, and in their struggles overwhelming their subject; sometimes they rule, or preponderate, alternately, and rapidly change their subject from himself to a something not himself—the mind now determines, now changes its determination; now resolves, now hesitates; proposes, but retracts, or if it acts, repents. Sometimes circumstances by altering the course of a passion make it seem a new one: and sometimes a passion proves too strong for circumstances which should direct it; and for other brother passions which should controul it. Beside this, there are dispositions of the mind which enfeeble, and stagnate, as it were, its principles; as there are others which prompt and excite its alacrity, which drive it to rashness, and urge it to desperation.

The story of KING LEAR is composed by the *POET* as a lesson to such rashness: every character in it has a proportion of this quality, and every character, in its turn, suffers under the punishment which naturally attends it. It is true the prime character of the piece (the King) shews this rashness most forcibly, and is in consequence the greatest suf-

No. XVI. KING LEAR.

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ferer

ferer by his unhappy passion; but the other personages, in proportion as they are misled by their perverse inclinations, or sudden transports, are exposed to the natural consequences of such unadvised behaviour. Combined with inconsideration of temper, some of them exhibit the grossest ingratitude, and malevolence: and indeed, these are the persons from whom we should have expected (perhaps exclusively) those instant starts of random feelings whose issue could not but be unhappy. But Shakspeare thought otherwise; if he wished to excite terror united to a sense of justice and retribution, he wished also to excite pity, and this he accomplishes by shewing the fatal issue of a too rapid resolution, whose punishment is disproportionate to its demerit.

If EDMUND, as the bastard of GLOSTER, had alone proved ungrateful to his parent stock, the remark on his being the issue of unlawful embraces would have been thought sufficient to solve the difficulty which such behaviour might have occasioned; but the legitimate offspring of LEAR are certainly no less ungrateful to their acknowledged father, and no less vehement in their ingratitude. EDMUND at most can go but on a par with them; and in the article of cruelty he is perhaps their inferior. In strong contrast to this behaviour, EDGAR is designed to shew natural and filial affection strongly working in spite of misusage, and, under the severest afflictions; thereby maintaining the true character of a son: as CORDELIA by her tenderness redeems from the infamy of her sisters the affectionate character of a daughter.

EDMUND and EDGAR have some qualities in common; such as Courage and Eloquence; good understandings, and those well cultivated. They differ in more material qualities, such as honesty and dishonesty, ingenuousness and dissimulation. EDMUND is craft and guile; EDGAR is upright, even beneath disguise; EDMUND, without necessity, seeks
occasion

occasion of evil; EDGAR, when opportunity presents itself, not merely refrains from revenge; but he does service to, and endeavours to alleviate the distresses of, his afflicted father. The principles of EDMUND are profane, if not atheistical; while the solicitude of EDGAR is directed to the producing in his father's mind, those sentiments of submission to providence which the wise in all ages have inculcated, and which the good, however depressed, have esteemed it their duty to maintain.

It must be owned, EDMUND, in shaking off the superstitious apprehensions of influences produced by comets, and by eclipses, has much the advantage of his father GLOSTER; yet his freedom from them seems rather the effect of an audacious mind, than of genuine conviction, supported by regular investigation: and it affords a remark, that a vicious man may in some things be nearer the truth than one who is more virtuous; yet without diminishing his general propensity to vice. EDMUND owns his vices are personal, freely his own, not forced upon him, he considers himself as entirely the director of his own course, and his own fortune, yet he is never the more solicitous to controul those vices which he is aware of, and over which he is conscious of such power. Such is the difference between just ideas in some respects, and just practices: more is requisite to the making of an honest man, than ability to reason well on certain subjects, or right sentiments in some respects, wherein others are, perhaps deficient, or perhaps weak.

Thus reasons EDMUND, Act. I. Scene II.

" Well then,

Legitimate EDGAR, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard EDMUND,
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, EDMUND the base

R r 2

Shall

Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!"

Enter GLOSTER.

" EDMUND! How now? what news?

Edmund. So please your lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*

Gloster. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edmund. I know no news, my lord.

Gloster. What paper were you reading?

Edmund. Nothing, my lord.

.

Edmund. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Gloster. Give me the letter, sir.

Edmund. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame,

.

Gloster. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from the bias of nature; there's father against child. [*Exit.*

Edmund. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains, by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience

dience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.”

“ A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me’s meet, that I can fashion fit.”

EDMUND follows his vicious inclinations; for what should with-hold him? he almost commands, for a time, his fortune, seems wafted by the direct gales of prosperity, and to be rapidly in advance to the enjoyments of conquest, the laurel of victory, and the diadem of royalty. His solicitations scarcely precede the favours he receives from the sisters; and rather is he the object of their courtship, than they of his. He seems to regard them as they administer to his ambition, for of his affection we hear little; he addresses little directly to either, but protests to either, against whichever is absent. Nevertheless, however he may seem prosperous, he is not in a state of true prosperity; his mind, which was base and cruel, is base and cruel still, and his treatment of his captives, LEAR and CORDELIA, manifests the malignity of his disposition at last, no less than his supplantation of his brother EDGAR, and his treachery to his father GLOSTER, in the earlier parts of the story. He is the same still as ever; and only when death approaches, is he sufficiently just to acknowledge his deserts, and to own his misconduct.

EDGAR is too honest to be suspicious, or even to be properly cautious in receiving impressions disadvantageous to his father’s

father's affection: he but too suddenly credits what he had little reason to believe, and by his misplaced confidence, without examination, without endeavouring to clear up actual circumstances, to ascertain their causes, or to disperse their present obscurity, he exposes himself to subsequent misfortunes. The want of steady investigation prompts him to one false step, and that false step to numerous sufferings in consequence: yet, amid his sufferings, he is not lost to sentiment, nor to humanity, though soliciting pity himself, he has pity in his breast for others; though in great misery, and personating misery still greater, he almost forgets his own, to sympathise with that of his former friends; and, by a kind of force upon himself, maintains his assumed character, though aware of its necessity to his concealment and safety. When witness to the real distresses of those whom he regarded and loved, he almost drops the fictitious part of his own distresses, and almost forgets the sufferings of poor MAD TOM in the greater sufferings of deranged LEAR, and blinded GLOSTER.

The courses to which the most liberal mind may be driven by injury, and by distress, are beyond ordinary calculation; the love of life is so strongly inherent in our nature, that any shift will be adopted, while the remotest hope of preserving life can possibly be maintained; and though this of EDGAR's is certainly an uncommon thought, for that very reason it is so much less liable to suspicion, and so much more effectual as a concealment.

The POET has, with great art, distinguished the affectation of madness from the genuine distemper: EDGAR wanders from object to object, from suggestion to suggestion, as if his feelings on any one article were soon exhausted, and he sought a fresh supply from other quarters: whereas LEAR keeps close to the main occasion of his infirmity, and shews that one grand leading principle in almost every sentence. Beside this,

this, EDGAR never once drops a hint of who or what he had formerly been, but keeps the most positive silence on his former self; whereas, LEAR not only avows he had been and is the KING, but still personates the duties of Royalty, distributes justice, commands armies, entertains his knights, and betrays so much of what had been his accustomed course of life, that it is evident he is not a person disguised by madness, but distempered by it. EDGAR looks forward as it were to an ideal maniac; LEAR looks backward, and recollects events which had made a deep impression on his memory, and left there the occasion of his present afflictions. EDGAR names *bodily* evils, when he describes how the foul fiend treats

“ POOR TOM, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halts in his pew; set ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch’d bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! TOM’s a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor TOM some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there, and there again, and there.”

LEAR shews that his *mind* has suffered by the pangs of remorse, and by the keen sense of filial ingratitude.

There is a covert morality in the discourse of EDGAR, which is curious: the advice is good, though madness had spoken it; but whether it be very aptly characteristic of madness, I will not determine: Its mode of expression is wandering, and unconnected, while yet the leading idea is preserved throughout it.

“ Take heed o’ the foul fiend: Obey thy parents;—keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with
man’s

man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:
Tom's a-cold."

"Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks,
betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of
brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders'
books, and defy the foul fiend."

But we find EDGAR, who assumed madness, assumes other disguises also; he seems a peasant to GLOSTER, though, as GLOSTER observes, he "speaks in better phrase and matter:" as GLOSTER cannot see him, he spares himself the trouble of counterfeiting a character, but to the STEWARD he utters a provincial and coarse dialect, and being subject to inspection, maintains the general behaviour and language correspondent to his attire. These disguises mutually support each other, and give to each other a degree of consistence and probability, which either, had either been alone, would have wanted. There is also hereby a kind of gradual declination from the excessive rage of madness, in EDGAR, to the peasant, and the boor: which forms a kind of interval leading to his restoration and honour, and which renders the change less sudden, and more interesting.

Amid the most discouraging circumstances, EDGAR maintains life and hope; and this principle the POET uses to reprove the impatience of GLOSTER. By the agency of EDGAR, GLOSTER lives to see the KING more wretched than himself: and is brought to the exercise of that resignation, which for a time had forsaken him; and which, indeed, requires to be invigorated by EDGAR's repeated admonitions.

Gloster. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edgar.

Edgar. Now fare ye well, good fir.

[*Seems to go.*]

Gloster. With all my heart.

Edgar. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—

'Tis done to cure it.

. , . . .

Edgar. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;

KING LEAR hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:

Give me thy hand, come on.

Gloster. No further, fir; a man may not rot even here.

Edgar. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

Ripeness is all: Come on.

There is a fund of good sense in EDGAR's remarks on his various states of adversity, on the extremity of that condition which may justly consider itself as the worst, and even at the worst, the impropriety of utter despondence; since hope *may* beam upon such a state, which, perhaps, may be the implied meaning of that involved expression:

" The worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

EDGAR's description of Dover-Cliff is extremely happy; his speeches to EDMUND, and to ALBANY, and his relation of his adventures, and GLOSTER's death, are eloquent—their style and manner mark the man of sense, and spirit; and his attention to the unfortunate KENT, the man of compassion; and this latter quality deserves notice, the rather, because there are persons, in whom natural instinct, as it were, speaks, and they follow its dictates, while their deportment is void of compassion toward strangers.

Albany. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edgar. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,
 That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
 That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
 Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
 Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; *became his guide,*
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
 Burst smilingly."

In considering these brothers individually, we find each has some good qualities and some bad; in considering them together, or rather, as they were designed by the *POET*, in contrast, we find sympathy and sincerity in one, for a time persecuted by the cruelty and wickedness of the other; yet ultimately restored to honour and dignity. We see vice for a while triumphant; yet, amidst its triumph, terminating its career by detection, and death, punished by the very hand it had wronged, and forced to acknowledge that presiding justice, which nothing but force could induce it to believe.

Edmund. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
 And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
 'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
 I do forgive thee.

Edgar.

Edgar. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, EDMUND;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is EDGAR and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

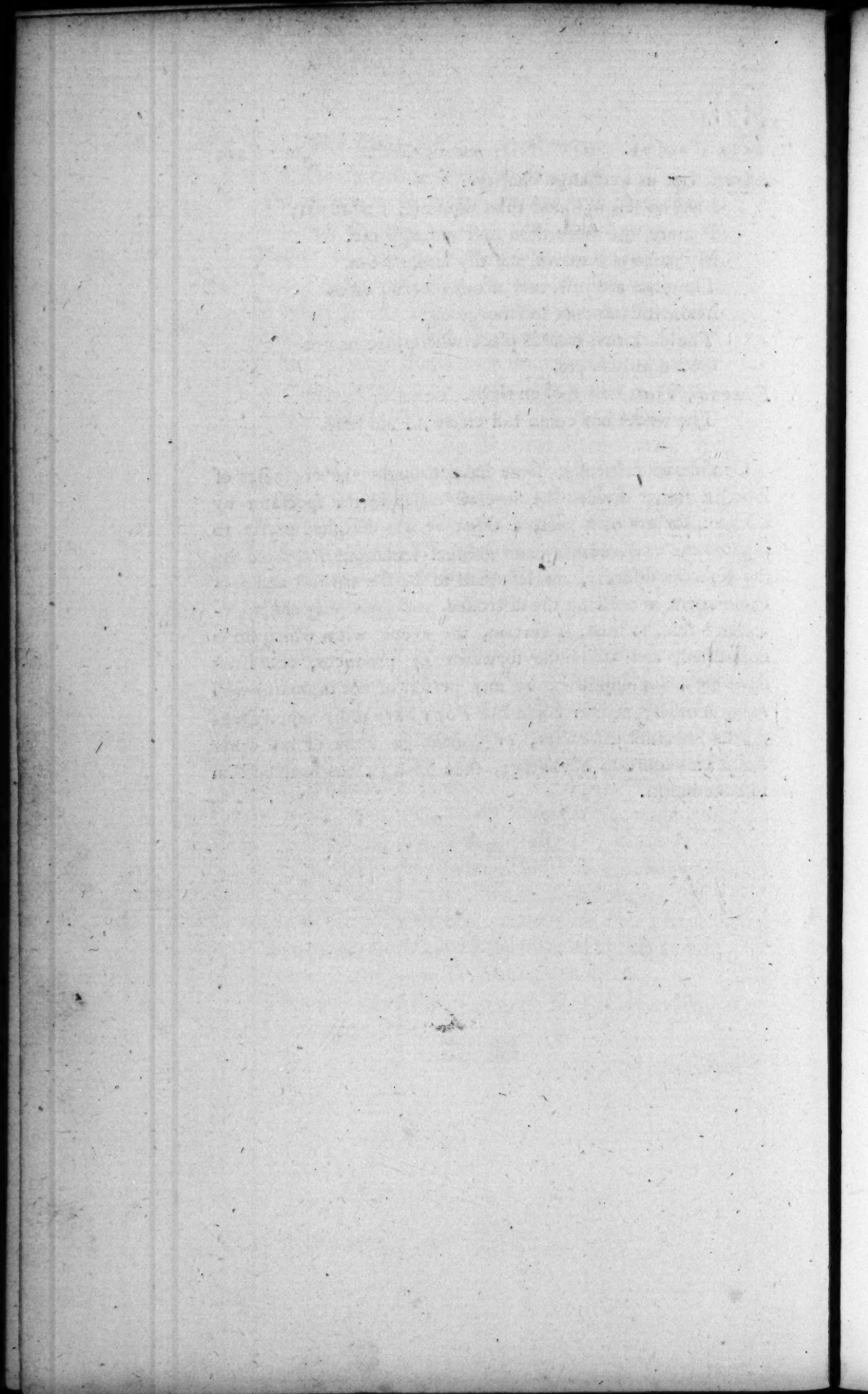
The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

Edmund. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel has come full circle; I am here.

Considered critically, some have thought the character of EDGAR rather divided the interest raised in the spectator by LEAR: for my own part, I think he was designed partly to support the extraordinary and unusual sensations imparted by the KING's disorder, no less than to be the natural and probable agent in assisting the distressed, and punishing the malevolent: this, at least, is certain, the events with which he is connected, and which he forwards or produces, could not have been accomplished by any person of the drama so well as by himself; neither could the *POET* have more happily supported his chief character, or contrasted some of his other characters more to advantage, than EDGAR has enabled him to accomplish.



7 MA 55

Nº 17.



W. Nutter sculp.

Standing as a Statue?

London Publish'd Nov: 5: 1793 by C. Taylor, N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XVII,

.....

HERMIONE.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER. DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

SCENE III. PAULINA'S HOUSE.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
CAMILLO, PAULINA, LORDS and ATTENDANTS.*

Leontes. O PAULINA,

We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paulina. As she liv'd peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excells whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

No. XVII. WINTER'S TALE.

T t

Leontes.

Leontes. Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art HERMIONE: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, PAULINA,
HERMIONE was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Polixenes. Oh, not by much.

Paulina. So much the more our carver's excellence:
Which let's go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leontes. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life;
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—Oh, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Perdita. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paulina. Oh, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Paulina. Good, my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

You'll

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leontes. No, not these twenty years.

Perdita. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paulina. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leontes. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paulina. Musick; awake her: strike.— [Musick.

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[HERMIONE comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
Your hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leontes. Oh, she's warm! [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Polixenes. She embraces him.

Camillo. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Polixenes. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,

Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paulina. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;

Our *PERDITA* is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Hermione. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—

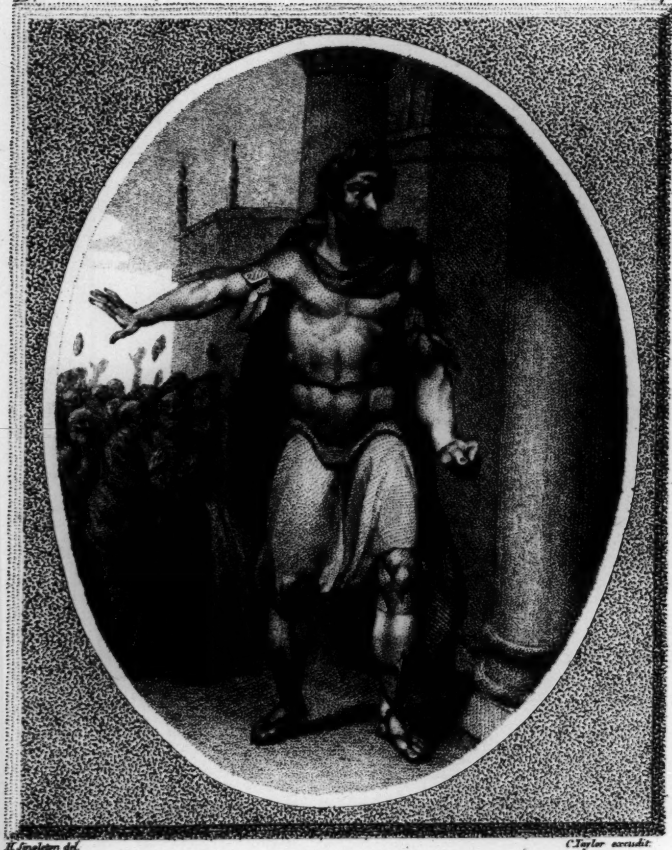
Knowing by *PAULINA*, that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd

Myself, to see the issue.

WINTER'S TALE, ACT V. SCENE the last.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor sculpsit.

CORIOLANUS.

— I banish You —
 Despising — thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XVII.

.....

CORIO LANUS.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

GREAT Characters are, frequently, perhaps generally, composed of contradictory passions in a high degree: that spring and energy of mind which strong propensities impart, prompts them to exceed their fellows in whatever they undertake; and if their course of life be such as excites attention, be coincident with their genius, and be favoured by fortunate events, they then far outsoar the conceptions and the desires of ordinary men. Where less impassioned persons might conclude they had done enough, and might rest contented and satisfied with their performances, or their acquisitions, desire of glory, or bias of mind, urges further exertions and impells the Ambitious to renewed and enlarged efforts, and undertakings: if they receive the applause of a city, they require that of a region; if they vanquish a world, they sigh for other worlds to conquer, and it but too often happens that their own little world, which they ought to hold most completely in subjection to the dictates of reason, of conscience, of honour, is so far from being conquered, that it is overrun by a banditti of the wildest, and the worst of passions.

LORD BOLINGBROKE has defined History, as "Philosophy teaching by examples;" and the strongest advocates for
No. XVII. CORIO LANUS. U u theatrical

theatrical representations have ever adduced the lessons to be learned from the Drama teaching by examples, in answer to those who objected to its supposed immoral tendency. The drama is, in fact, History in action; and such as is the History such will be the effect of its representation, whether noble and heroic, or base and vulgar. That noble and heroic minds may in some respects need correction, that minds far below their level may, notwithstanding this inferiority, receive improvement from their correction, may well be granted; and thence we infer, that though very few can ever be equal to CORIOLANUS in station, in endowments, or in passions, yet all may be benefitted by observing the natural consequences resulting from his rash conduct, and unbecoming starts of passion, from his unjustifiable excess of principles, which, in their due place and proportion, are honourable and laudable.

Every man in a state of society is of some consequence to that Society to which he belongs; the very lowest, the very meanest, is not therefore to be trampled upon, and to be treated with insolence or with injury. Neither is it any sign of a great mind, to be forward in villifying that class of the community whose situations are humble; there should be no such thing in well-regulated society as a station open to contempt, however contempt may attach to the behaviour of individuals in every station. Had CORIOLANUS duly regarded these liberal maxims, he would not have used as terms in their nature opprobrious, those appertaining to mechanic arts; the truths he tells he would have told in less offensive language; and the scorn he manifests would at least have been moderated, if not withheld.

If mankind are brethren by nature and by civil connections, the contempt which oppresses a brother is an injury to the community, and should be felt as such by each individual; and this injury is far from being alleviated, if it is not aggravated,

aggravated, by the reflection that it arises from a fellow-citizen and a brother. High station, high blood, possesses many advantages, but none which entitle it to despise the disadvantages connected by fortune with less favored situations. True greatness of mind has always been ready to condescend to its inferiors, to lay aside for a time, while in their company, much of its just privileges, and to desire rather the willing honour which such might be forward to bestow, than the exacted respect which is paid but grudgingly, and rather expressed by the lips than dictated by the heart. No justification arises hence for plebeian insolence, for that spirit of murmuring, that captious and ferocious disposition, which too often accompanies ignorance: and it must be acknowledged, even by the most candid, that no small provocation is suffered by liberal minds when ignorance assumes pretensions to knowledge; when irascible and unruly bores sit in judgment on their superiors; when those who are but just capable of proper obedience regard themselves as qualified to govern, and, in pursuit of their own humour, follow counsels whose issue may perhaps be fatal, as well to themselves, as to the community.

Excess of virtue may terminate in vice; excess of courage may become fool-hardiness; excess of dignity may become insufferable haughtiness; excess of conscious superiority may become pride; and pride in excess, is certain of raising numerous enemies, whose enmity may be irritated to implacability, and stimulated to that activity which rests not till it has accomplished the destruction of the object it hates. These remarks apply to the character of CORIOLANUS, and are supported by a general revision of his conduct and behaviour.

Though it be possible that a man may have the ill word of his fellow-citizens without deserving it, yet probability is on the other side, and that a general opinion to his disadvantage

tage has at least some foundation; under this disadvantage the character of CORIOLANUS opens: the mutinous citizens in the very first scene regard him as their chief enemy, and talk of "killing him," even while they render some kind of justice to "the services he has done his country." In his first appearance he rates the citizens with no little warmth; and though he mingles truth with his indignities, yet as the human mind thus addressed, is apt to let fall the truth, and to take up the indignity, no great confidence succeeds his discourse. He foresees, indeed, that one innovation will lead to others; and herein he appears no less a politician, than he is acknowledged to be a foldier.

His courage, his combats, his personal prowess, occupy the latter part of the first ACT, and his contempt of fame and notoriety is strongly depicted, together with his disregard of riches. A pleasing part of his character is also incidentally discovered, in his remembrance of favours formerly received, and in his request for the freedom of his "poor host, now a prisoner,"—though unhappily he forgets his name. Afterwards, he declines to hear his general repeat the account of his victories, and quits the senate while that is related, and it elects him consul. His pride, however, now starts at part of the procedure necessary previous to his installment in this high office: he wishes to avoid canvassing the people; and when forced to it, he accepts, and performs it with an ill grace. When consul, he retorts the insults of the tribunes with great vigour; and the speeches he makes to the patricians are at once eloquent, impressive, and rational: he warns them of consequences which, in fact, did afterwards ensue; and proposes measures, which had calm judgment digested into mature counsels, might have been salutary. These failing, he has recourse to violence, draws his sword, is hardly persuaded to withdraw from the tumult, and at last rather raves than reasons. His refusal to solicit the people again

again affords his mother an opportunity of a most excellent speech, and clearly shews what we are to think of his conduct. He yields, however, to what she says; and at length promises to address them calmly, which he in part performs, but when called "a traitor" by the tribune, he takes fire at the term, and renders all attempts at reconciliation impracticable: he is then banished,—he resorts to Antium,—where he still maintains the character of the haughty and inflexible CORIOLANUS, he still treats with contempt the grosser herd, and only explains himself to TULLUS AUFIDIUS, by whom being well received, and being associated in command, he becomes the bitterest enemy to his own country, carries fire and sword into its territories, and neither hears the voice of public solicitation, nor of private friendship, till family affection softens him into compliance with its request; and Rome thereby escapes the fate with which he threatened it. This humanity serves afterwards as a pretext for his punishment; while jealousy, and mean suspicion, are the real causes of his destruction, which is accomplished, not by the sword of justice, but by the dagger of assassination, and the united effort of conspiracy.

The Character of CORIOLANUS is well supported throughout; he seems almost to the last what we should expect him to be as we see him at first; his yielding to his mother and family what he had denied to his general COMINIUS, and to his adopted father MENENIUS, manifests that his heart was in some degree flesh, and not altogether rock: the flinty politician is for a while suspended; and, to say truth, the prudent foresight which had formerly distinguished him, either forsakes him, or he acts in direct contradiction to it,

" O my mother, mother, O!

You have won a happy victory for Rome;
But for your son—believe it, O believe it,

Most

Most dangerously to him you have prevailed,

If not most mortal to him."

Whether a man may on any account become the enemy of his country, is a question that has been briskly agitated: we decline it here; only observing, that if he may, he should well see to it that no remain of human kindness exists within him: he may think himself altogether obdurate; but, when tried from some unexpected quarter, Nature may yet so relent, that, like CORIOLANUS, he may be unable to resist its dictates while conscious of their dangerous influence on his affairs.

Circumstances may render that a weakness which under other circumstances were a virtue; compassion, and affection itself must submit sometimes to be suspended, and sometimes to be denied, when public duty interferes with personal feelings. It is true, those persons are in very small degrees objects of envy who experience this struggle, and this remark can scarcely be more strongly enforced than by the character of CORIOLANUS. High station, great talents, great power, and great good fortune, are apt to dazzle the eyes of beholders; and by their glare, to impart false ideas of their subjects; but examine them closely, investigate them, and their natural accompaniments, their effects on the mind, on circumstances, on surrounding observers, on friends, and on enemies, and we shall find the risks and dangers which accompany them, the envy and jealousy they occasion, the inquietude and distress of heart, the embarrassment and perplexity of situation, which either belong to them and originate in them, or attach to them by the course of events, or are thrown upon them by the machinations of others, to be full equivalents for all the apparent honours which for a time may seem to accumulate on the favorites of fortune.

"Order is heaven's first law;" it is also the first law of society; and so reciprocally are things adjusted; that no
station

station can say to an other, "I have no need of thee;" nor can any station justly represent itself as engrossing more happiness, or as exposed to more evil than is its equivalent due. I believe the lower classes are full as much objects of envy to the higher, as the higher can be to the lower: state and ostentation are little short of imprisonment; the accuracy of manners, the distinctions of what may, or may not be done, the mode of doing things in themselves indifferent, are so many trammels, and constraints, so many apprehensions and fears, from which simple nature is exempt; the solicitude well to perform arduous services, or the disgrace attending mis-performance of them, is unknown to humble life; the goads of ambition, the desire of further importance, the deep-laid plans which sometimes succeed for a while, or oftener meet with no success, are beyond the conceptions of ordinary stations; not to insist, on the undeniably just reflection, that if greatness become still greater, if it add much to its former possessions, or honours, or advantages, very rarely indeed is this accomplished while much of life remains, so that the close of all is usually but little distant from that period which has long been the object of wishes, endeavours, and exertions. Mortal oblivion strongly stares in the face of Success.

If our remark be just, that the drama is history in action teaching by examples, spectators, though unequal in most respects to the exalted characters it exhibits, may nevertheless learn from their mistakes, and misfortunes, not only to controul in themselves those passions, which might lead to similar unhappinesses; but if they suppose themselves free from such perils,—they may learn (what is of at least equal importance) that they have great cause to congratulate themselves that they do not occupy those more exposed situations which are most in danger of falling by the blasts of adversity, and whose fall is most commonly into total ruin. The humble reed escapes the effects of that tempest which shatters

ters the lofty oak; and the fate of CORIOLANUS is a warning against haughtiness, and inflexibility, whose fatal issue is certain, however combined with great talents, and apparently supported by great virtues.

SHAKSPEARE himself has incidentally, perhaps undesigningly, so well particularized the Character of his Hero, that his own description shall close this essay: and I the rather adopt it, as it is given neither by his professed friends nor foes, and therefore may be accepted as impartial.

"The CAPITOL. Enter two Officers to lay Cushions.

1st Officer. Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2d Officer. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one CORIOLANUS will carry it.

1st Officer. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2d Officer. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for CORIOLANUS neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1st Officer. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love."

ACT II. SCENE II.

7 NA 55



R. Marke del.

C. Taylor durt.

LORENZO and JESSICA.

*Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;*

London. Publish'd Decr. 1733 by C. Taylor N^o near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XVIII.

.....

LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

.....

DESIGNED BY R. SMIRKE.

DIRECTED *and* ENGRAVED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

THE characters and adventures of LORENZO and JESSICA are not remarkably interesting in themselves, but they contribute very agreeably to diversify the incidents of the composition which presents them; and, by the *POET'S* management, they improve in their effect upon us as we become better acquainted with them. LORENZO appears, at first, to class among the common mass of gentlemen whose youthful dissipation is rather produced by imitation and by company, than the effect of natural inclination to licentiousness. Afterwards, we find much good sense in his remarks, especially those on the witticisms in vogue, and (abating something of extravagance in expressing them) on the influence of music; his conversation on the starry heavens is pleasing, and his endeavours to "out-night" his fair companion, if they do not infer the most accurate acquaintance with legitimate classics, are yet far from being the offspring of inanity, or indications of a mind uncultivated by education, or unaccustomed to reflection.

In fact, to investigate fully the incidents of the first scene in the fifth ACT, would require much attention and time; for the *POET* has with great art enlivened this conversation by change of subject, has shewn the advantages to

MERCHANT OF VENICE. X x be

be derived from elegant knowledge, and exhibited the pleasures of rational conversation incidentally arising from surrounding objects. The scenery and operations of nature are ever within our view; but for want of intelligence respecting them, how many pass by unnoticed the most sublime or interesting spectacles, and never raise one word of conversation on what affords the utmost felicity of remark!

As to the daughter of SHYLOCK, it must be owned, that close confinement is apt to occasion that hankering after liberty which prompts to extraordinary steps to acquire it; and when we reflect

“That though she is a daughter to his blood,
She is not to her father’s manners”

we are glad she falls into no worse hands than those of the sensible LORENZO, to whom she proves no inconsiderable acquisition, and who seems to be heartily attached to her as she to him.

Lorenzo. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov’d herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.”

JESSICA praises PORTIA with warmth and frankness: far from envying or detracting from her good qualities; and it gives us pleasure to observe this, because it is in direct contradiction to the many lessons she must have received from her invidious father, and to the example she has seen in him:

Lorenzo. How cheer’st thou, JESSICA?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How do’st thou like the lord BASSANIO’s wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing; it is very meet,
The lord BASSANIO live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth :
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And PORTIA one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

It gives us pleasure also to know that the extravagancies reported of her by SHYLOCK's fellow TUBAL are entirely untrue, and that he has no real need to exclaim on the loss of his jewels, or on his daughter's expensive acquisitions of monkeys.

As the chief merit of these characters is rather in their dialogue, as pleasing, and entertaining, than in any great depth of remark, or exquisite expression of passion or sentiment, we refer to their several appearances for just estimation of their importance.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creffid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did JESSICA steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. And in such a night,
Did young LORENZO swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. And in such a night,
Did pretty JESSICA, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, JESSICA: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-ey'd cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Jessica. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick."

ACT V. SCENE I.



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor del.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS

*My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.*

London, Publish'd Dec^r 1; 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XVIII.

.....

TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

COURAGE and Cunning are not incompatible companions, neither is the frank openness of martial heroism always free from the alloy of mean jealousy and latent envy. Emulation, as it may be conducted, is the parent of the noblest imitation in excellent things, or of the most debasing and malignant rivalry: in the latter case, it is the source of innumerable mischiefs and heart-burnings; it produces and promotes malice, revenge, obstinacy, and implacability: unable to attain the merit of another, it endeavours to lower that merit to its own standard; it cannot deny some praise, but it will withhold whatever praise it can; it will seize an opportunity to find fault, will attribute effects to wrong causes, to causes it is conscious are wrong; will mingle detraction with applause, and will carp with an—"Aye, but on the other hand"—while convinced that the object of its spleen is entitled to unmingled approbation.

It is not easy to cure this mental malady, whose origin is deeply seated, and but too often widely spread, before it becomes discernible; it consumes its unhappy victim in secret; it conceals from himself his real disposition, and lurks, disguised in those recesses of the mind, where it may best screen itself from observation; it is closely inter-

CORIOLANUS,

Y y

twined

twined with over-weening self-love, and this with the very fibres of the heart. But if any mode of treatment promises success, much may be hoped for from that representation of it which shews it in its true colours; and the rather, because, often, those who are diseased with it, have many excellencies of disposition, which, if incompetent to cure, or to check it, yet afford some mean for the raising up contrary and salutary principles. Honour is among those nobler qualities which are indignant at the weakness of envy, and cool reflection and consideration might be justly expected to confirm the efforts of honour; especially, when in full view of what it may lead to, if suffered to proceed according to its own inclination. The most flagitious excesses are not far distant when such liberty is granted to this irritating passion.

Among the representation of those excesses to which jealousy may proceed unless controuled by honour and reflection, we may class the character of TULLUS AUFIDIUS, who, while confessedly brave and skilful in his profession, honourable in his station, and seemingly also liberal in his conduct, yet is consumed by internal vexation, and does but wait for opportunity to gratify his perfidy.

We find that having felt the power of CORIOLANUS in open force, he meditates the next time he fights him, to practise fraud; and this idea once admitted unhappily retains its influence.

“ Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would’st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e’er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in’t, it had; for where
thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him."

.....
" Where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart."

TULLUS seems indeed to receive the banished CORIOLANUS with sincerity, and generosity; but if we suppose that at this time his professions are hearty, we regret their too hasty change, and that he has not sufficient fortitude to bear the elevation of his rival, with a temperate and composed spirit. He becomes gloomy, reserved, silent: to the representation of CORIOLANUS when with his mother, he merely answers, "I was mov'd withal," but in his heart resolves

" I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune."

Thus he reasons:

" He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended."

.....
" When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account."

" I think

“ I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even:”

To this determination he adheres; and, in consequence, conspires with his friends, and treacherously murders the man whom in the field he has experienced to be his superior.

We should regard this character with great indignation when the scene closes, did not remorse and sorrow take place of rage; and did not he propose to honour the corpse of CORIOLANUS, as in some degree a reparation to his honour, though certainly very inadequate and unsatisfactory.

Aufidius. My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
 Help, three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers: I'll be one—
 Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
 Trail your ſteel ſpikes.—Though in this city he
 Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
 Which to this hour bewails the injury,
 Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.

In a general view TULLUS ſerves as a foil to CORIOLANUS; and being in many degrees his rival, yet on the whole his inferior, being alſo covert inſtead of open, ambiguous inſtead of plain, and rather chooſing to wear the mask of conſpiracy, than the genuine countenance of enmity, he contralts, with great effect, the conſpicuous failings of the hero of the piece, and produces a regret at the ſucceſs of his machinations; ſince if ſuch a puniſhment was properly due, juſtice not malevolence ought to have inſlicted it; it ſhould not have been the office of TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

7 MA 55

A.

N° XLX.



H. Jorgensen del.

C. Taylor dirac.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Plead You to me fair dame?

London. Publish'd Jan 1: 1794 by C. Taylor N° 10 near Castle Street. Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XIX.

.....

ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE.

.....

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

.....

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE—and DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adriana. Ay, ay, ANTIPHOLIS, look strange, and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not ADRIANA, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow
That never words were pleasing to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd, to thee.
How comes it now, my husband; oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Z z

How

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antipholis. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luciana. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by DROMIO home to dinner.

Antipholis. By DROMIO?

S. Dromio. By me?

Adriana. By thee and thus thou didst return from him,—
 That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Antipholis. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dromio. I sir? I never saw her till this time.

Antipholis. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dromio. I never spake with her in all my life.

Antipholis. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adriana. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Antipholis. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luciana. DROMIO, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dromio. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights?—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luciana. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

DROMIO, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

S. Dromio. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Antipholis. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dromio. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape,

Antipholis. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dromio. No, I am an ape.

Luciana.

Luciana. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

S. Dromio. 'Tis true, ſhe rides me, and I long for grafs,
'Tis ſo, I am an afs: elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adriana. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man. and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, ſir, to dinner; *DROMIO*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And thrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come ſiſter: *DROMIO* play the porter well.

Antipholis. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

S. Dromio. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

Adriana. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luciana. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

7 MA 65



H. Singleton del.

W. Nutter sculp.

BANQUO.

Macbeth. — *never shake thy goary locks at me —*

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XIX.

BANQUO.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED by W. NUTTER.

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY, ROSSE,
LENOX, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.*

Macbeth. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Enter FIRST MURDERER, to the Door.

..... There's blood upon thy face,

Murderer. 'Tis BANQUO's then.

Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

.....
Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that:

Lady. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome:

MACBETH.

§ 4

Enter

Enter the GHOST of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH's Place.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer !—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Lenox. May it please your highness sit ?

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our BANQUO present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace it with your royal company ?

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where ?

Lenox. Here, my good lord. What is it that moves your highness ?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me:

Rosse. Gentlemen rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to DUNCAN. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become

A woman's

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done
 You look but on a fool.

Macbeth. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
 If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
 Those that we bury, back? our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. *[GHOST sinks.]*

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
 Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear; the times have been
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end: but now, they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: This is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth. I do forget:
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all:
 Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:
 I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

Re-enter GHOST.

And to our dear friend BANQUO, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all!

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth.

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my fight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I inhabit, then protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such fights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Lenox. Good night, and better health,

Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

ACT III: SCENE IV.

7 MA 55

A

Nº 20.



COUNTESS and HELENA.

Helena. *Then I confess—here on my knee—*
I love your Son!—

London. Published Feb. 11 1794. by C. Taylor Nº 10 near Castle Street. Holborn.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE I. No. XX.

Countess of Rouffillon and Helena.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

A Scene in the Count's Palace.

COUNTESS, and HELENA.

Helena. What is your pleasure, madam?

Countess. You know, HELEN,

I am a mother to you.

Helena. Mine honourable mistress.

Countess. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,

Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds:

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care:—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why?—that you are my daughter?

Helena. That I am not.

Countess. I say, I am your mother.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

3 B

Helena.

Helena. Pardon, madam ;

The Count ROUSSILLON cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Countess. Nor I your mother ?

Helena. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you were
(So that my Lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister : Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Countess. Yes, HELEN, you might be my daughter-in-law ;
God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it ; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue.

Helena. Good madam, pardon me !

Countess. Do you love my son ?

Helena. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Countess. Love you my son ?

Helena. Do not you love him, madam ?

Countess. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Helena. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love: O then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that, her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

ACT I. SCENE III.

THE FIRST OF JULY

The first of your anniversary, my dear
I have it in my power to
write to you, I am sure.

I have the pleasure to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

THE SECOND OF JULY

The second of your anniversary, my dear
I have it in my power to
write to you, I am sure.

I have the pleasure to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well, and hope you are happy.

7 MA 55



H. Singleton del.

C. Taylor direct

H I E L E N A.

Where do the palmers lodge? —

London, Publish'd Feb 1794 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

PLATE II. No. XX.

HELENA.

DESIGNED BY H. SINGLETON.

DIRECTED by C. TAYLOR.

*Scene without the Walls of Florence.—A Tucket afar off.
Enter an old WIDOW of FLORENCE, DIANA, VIOLENTIA,
MARIANA, with other CITIZENS, and HELENA disguis'd
like a Pilgrim.*

Widow. Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know
she will lie at my house: thither they send one another:
I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Helena. To St. Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Helena. Is this the way?

Widow. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you!

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Helena. Is it yourself?

Widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Helena. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Widow. You came, I think, from France?

Helena. I did so.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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Widow.

Widow. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Helena. His name, I pray you?

Diana. The Count ROUSSILLON; Know you such a one?

Helena. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Diana. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Helena. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his Lady.

Diana. There is a gentleman, that serves the Count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Helena. What's his name;

Diana. Monsieur PAROLLES.

Helena. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty; and that
I have not heard examined.

Diana. Alas, poor Lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Widow. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Helena. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Widow. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

ACT III. SCENE V.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

FORMING THE

FIRST PART

OF

THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

ON FORTY PLATES,

From MACBETH.

- ACT I. Scene III. THE WITCHES published in No. I.
ACT II. Scene II. MACBETH No. I.
ACT III. Scene IV. BANQUO No. XIX.
ACT IV. Scene II. LADY MACDUFF . . No. IV.
ACT V. Scene I. LADY MACBETH . . No. III.

From KING RICHARD III.

- ACT I. Scene I. KING RICHARD . . . No. II.
ACT I. Scene III. QUEEN MARGARET . . No. X.
ACT III. Scene IV. LORD HASTINGS . . No. VI.
ACT IV. Scene II. BUCKINGHAM . . . No. XV.
ACT V. Scene III. RICHMOND No. XV.

From OTHELLO.

- ACT I. Scene I. RODERIGO No. XI.
ACT II. Scene III. CASSIO No. IX.
ACT III. Scene III. IAGO No. XIV.
ACT IV. Scene III. DESDEMONA No. VI.
ACT V. Scene II. OTHELLO No. VIII.

From CORIOLANUS.

- ACT I. Scene III. VIRGILIA No. V.
ACT IV. Scene I. MENENIUS No. V.
Act III.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

- ACT III. Scene last CORIOLANUS No. XVII.
 ACT IV. Scene II. VOLUMNIA No. XIII.
 ACT V. Scene last TULLUS AUFIDIUS No. XVIII.

From THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

- ACT I. Scene II. JULIA No. VII.
 ACT II. Scene III. LAUNCE No. XI.
 ACT II. Scene IV. PROTHEUS No. X.
 ACT IV. Scene II. SILVIA No. IX.
 ACT V. Scene IV. VALENTINE No. IV.

From KING HENRY VIII.

- ACT II. Scene III. ANNA BULLEN No. VIII.
 ACT III. Scene last CARDINAL WOLSEY No. XI.
 ACT IV. Scene last QUEEN KATHARINE No. VII.
 ACT V. Scene II. ARCHBISHOP CRANMER No. XIV.

From KING LEAR.

- ACT I. Scene II. EDMUND No. XVI.
 ACT III. Scene IV. EDGAR No. XVI.

From THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

- ACT II. Scene last HERMIA No. XI.
 ACT III. Scene I. BOTTOM No. X.

From KING RICHARD II.

- ACT III. Scene I. JOHN OF GHENT No. III.
 ACT III. Scene last QUEEN No. II.

From MERCHANT OF VENICE.

- ACT V. Scene I. LORENZO AND JESSICA No. XVIII.

From THE WINTER'S TALE.

- ACT V. Scene last HERMIONE No. XVII.

From THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

- ACT II. Scene II. ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE No. XIX.

From ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

- ACT I. Scene III. COUNTESS AND HELENA No. XX.
 ACT III. Scene V. HELENA No. XX.

